

# BABYLAND.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1879.

NO. 1.



TAKING BABY TO SEE SANTA CLAUS.

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## HOW TOM-MY AND THE BA-BY SAW SAN-TA CLAUS.

LIT-TLE Tom-my had been watch-ing all day — watch-ing for San-ta Claus.

It was the day be-fore Christ-mas, and he knew San-ta must be on the way. The big city lay off to the north, be-hind the great hill, and Tom-my felt sure San-ta would come down the hill road. At the sun-ny south win-dows, a-mong the i-vies, you could see a-ny-one com-ing o-ver the hill-road for two miles. Tom-my knew, if he kept a-ny kind of watch, he should be sure to see old San-ta at some point — and Tom-my's eyes just shot forth spark-les to think of be-hold-ing the fa-mous rein-deer team.

“Just you fink, Miss Ba-by!” he said to his wee sis-ter, swing-ing in her blue-and-white crib, “just you fink of four, sev-en, eight lit-tle ho's-ses wiv horns

to their heads, and wiv bells to 'em that go jin-gle-jin-gle-jin-gle —” and Tom-my ca-pered a-cross the floor for a mo-ment, throw-ing up his hands and shak-ing Miss Ba-by's rat-tle with all his might. Then he went back to his win-dow a-gain.

All at once he cried out. “Ba-by! I see him! I do fink I see him!”

“Wa-wa?” gurg-led Ba-by, with her pink fin-gers in her mouth.

Tom-my wait-ed just a min-ute lon-ger — he did see some-thing ve-ry long and black a-way on top of the hill, and then, with fly-ing curls and red cheeks, he rushed away, pushed a has-sock up to the crib, drag-ged Ba-by up bod-i-ly with a long tug, and — well, mam-ma had just time for one sur-

prised smile, and then a swift rush—just so that Tom-my and Ba-by did-n't pitch backwards—they just did-n't, and that was all! And Mam-ma's scream so frightened Tom-my that he for-got San-ta for some time; and when he did look the team was out of sight. So Tom-my did-nt see him come, af-ter all—but come he did—for such a fat stock-ing as Tom-my's next morn-ing, *you* nev-er saw!

## THE LIT-TLE CHIEF.

I'm my moth-er's Little Man,  
I'm the Chief of all the clan,



Though there's Ned and Fred  
and Ted,  
If you please, sir, *I'm* the  
Head.

They like their play, and so,  
you see,

Who's left to be the man but  
me?

My moth-er knows I am the  
one

To do that thing that must be  
done.

I sweep the walks, I tend the  
door

I go her er-rands to the store—  
O, a-ny day I'd run a mile  
To see my pret-ty moth-er  
smile!

You need-n't laugh because I'm  
small!

Just be-ing big, sir, isn't all—  
I'm much a man as any man  
If I do ev-e-ry-thing I can!





LIT-TLE Grand-ma Red-lip,  
All her house-work done,  
Ear-ly Christ-mas morn-ing  
Sits knit-ting in the sun ;

Look-ing for her child-ren  
That live so far a-way,  
Smil-ing just as grand-mas  
Do on Christ-mas Day.





LIT-TLE Grand-pa Black-eye,  
 In his ker-chief cap ;  
 Loves his morn-ing pa-per,  
 Slip-pers, and his nap.

Wish him Mer-ry Christ-mas!  
 Speak up so he'll hear ;  
 Nice old grand-pa — he's a  
 Tri-fle deaf, I fear.

# WHO SCRATCHED THE BA-BY?

## CHAPTER I.



"Well," said slim little Miss Black Pin, plumping her-self down on the pin-cush-ion, "there's news this morn-ing!"

She had just come in from Mrs. Tom's room, much out of breath for such a slim creature.

"An-oth-er par-ty, I sup-pose," said the Dia-mond Hair-pin.

Miss Black Pin shook her head.

"Per-haps," said a Com-mon Pin, "the furs are going to be pin-ned up in cam-phor."

At this all the Com-mon Pins looked so-ber—it meant for so man-y of their fam-i-ly

eight months in the close cam-phor-y dark-ness of a trunk.

"You will have to guess a-gain," said Miss Black Pin.

Here Great-great-grand-moth-er Pin spoke up; she was a tall crea-ture with a crook-ed back and a twist-ed toe, but pure gold.

"Humph!" said she, "I can tell you. There's a baby!"

A ba-by! ev-er-y Pin raised its hands.

"It's so," said Miss Black Pin. "There *is* a ba-by!"

And, just then, they heard it for them-selves, in Mrs. Tom's room, a shrill wee cry—a ba-by's cry. A big mat-ron-ly Com-mon Pin sprang up and clasped her hands.

"Bless its heart!" she said, "I want to go to it this min-ute!"

"We shall be sent for, some of us," said one of the young-er.

"I shall be, of course,"



said Great-great-grand-moth-er Gold Pin. "I fast-en the bibs of the fam-i-ly. Master Tom's grand-fath-er wore me, and Mas-ter Tom's fath-er, and Mast-er Tom."



"THERR'S A BA-BY!"

"Prob-a-bly we shall all go in to-geth-er on the pin-cush-ion," said Miss Black Pin.

But they did-n't. The nurse came bust-ling in that min-ute.

She had a new cush-ion in her hand, all lace and sat-in bows. Old Mrs. Gold Pin rose with a cour-te-sy and came for-ward, but the plump fin-gers gath-er-ing up a row of small Com-mon Pins pushed the Old La-dy over!

Then she un-clasped a slen-der Lace Pin, gold with blue en-am-el. "Just the thing for the bib!" said she.

The Old Gold La-dy was flat on her back, her twist-ed toe up in the air, but at this she rolled o-ver on her el-bow splut-ter-ing and gasp-ing.

"Oh!" said she. "Oh! you're mak-ing a mis-take," said she. "I pin the bibs!"



"WILL SEE IT."

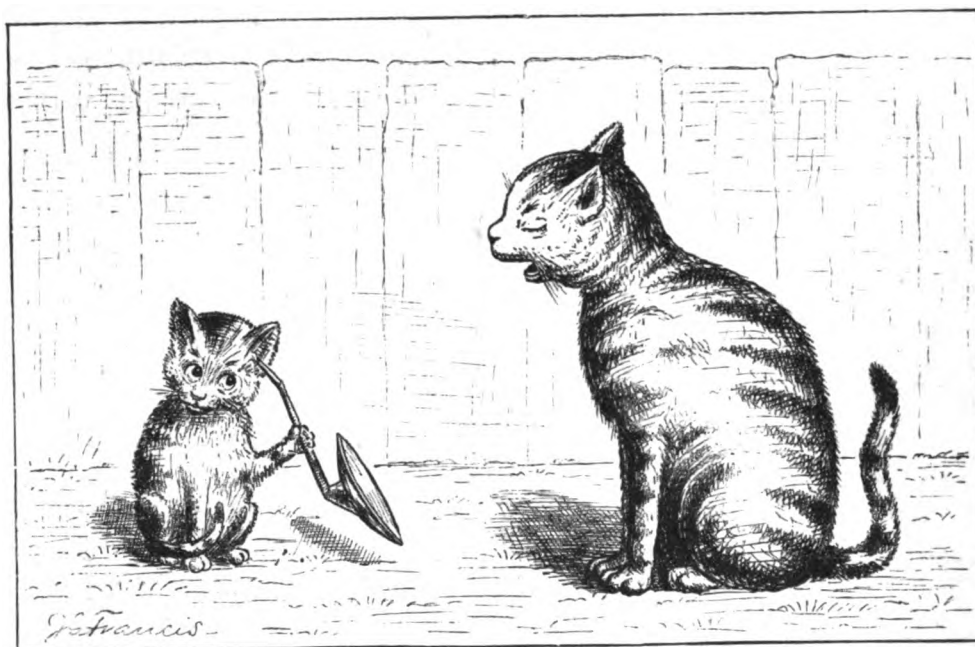
But the nurse had whisked out.

The Old Gold La-dy grew si-lent. A strange look set-tled on her face.

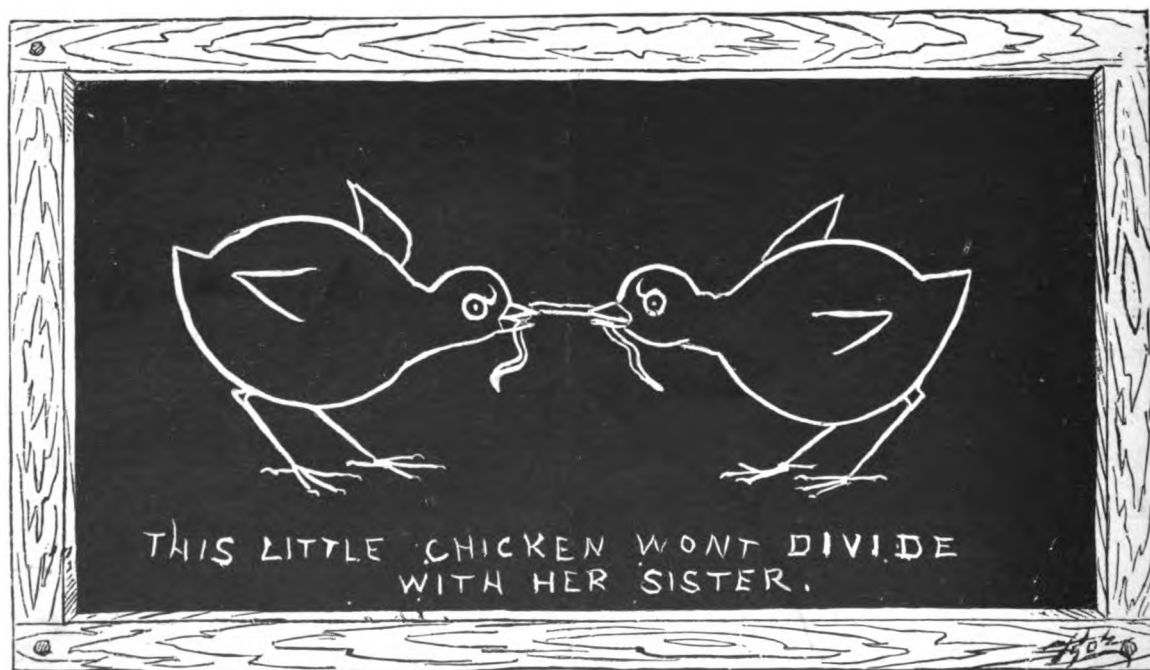
"Ha! not good e-nough! Won-der-ful child! I'd like to see it! *Will* see it!"

( TO BE CONTINUED. )





A Moth-er's Lul-la-by.



Slate Pict-ure for Ba-by to Draw.

# BABYLAND.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

NO. 2.



AFTER CHRIST-MAS.

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# AF-TER CHRIST-MAS.

BY KIT-TY CLO-VER.

*Toot-a-toot-toot! Rub-a-dub-dub!* HOO-WAW!

It sound-ed like Fourth of Ju-ly at Mrs. Jones'; but it was on-ly Day after Christ-mas.

Joe-y and Jim-my, with their Christ-mas pres-ents, had been shut in-to the "noise-room," as Pa-pa Jones called the nurs-ery. They had had the "run of the house" all yes-ter-day, for Mam-ma Jones had great pa-tience with Christ-mas rack-et; but this morn-ing she had turned them in-to their own lit-tle king-dom.

"Now make all the noise you wish," she said kind-ly, as she hur-ried a-way with her fing-ers in her ears.

Then there was a good time in the "noise-room!"

Joe-y sat down on the bed

and puffed out his ap-ple-red cheeks and blowed his fife like the north wind; and Jim-my beat his drum with both sticks, stand-ing up on the pil-lows.

All at once Joe-y sprang to his dimp-led legs, and ran at Jim-my. "Hol'still!" he cried fierce-ly. "Lem-meshoot you with my fife!"

Jim-my did-n't quite know a-bout that; but Joe-y ex-plain-ed that the sol-diers in his pict-ure books marched at each oth-er and "fit-ed" with fifes and drums.

So Jim-my came from the head of the bed, and Joe-y from the foot, toot-ing and rub-a-dub-ing, and marched up, and by, and a-round, scream-ing and laugh-ing, un-til Joe-y was so out of breath he for-got to blow and stood still; and

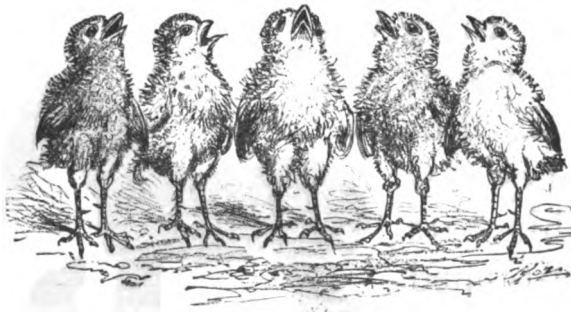


then Jim-my called out, "I beat!" and jumped at his pris-on-er so hard they both fell o-ver the edge of the bed to the floor and laid there shrieking till mam-ma came rush-ing in to see what was the mat-ter.

"I should think this *was* the 'noise-room!'" she cried, pick-ing them up. "If ev-er San-ta Claus brings a fife and drum to this house a-gain I'll—I'll do some-thing to San-ta Claus! You may de-pend on that!"



A chub-by lit-tle sister  
Was rub-bing at her tub;  
A chub-by lit-tle broth-er  
Came up to help her rub.  
The chub-by lit-tle broth-er,  
He fell in with a cry;  
The chub-by lit-tle sister,  
She hung him up to dry.



So hun-gry!

## TWO WAYS.



with an-oth-er big stick, stood be-hind and pushed with all his might.

Lit-tle Su-sie Dean's way was an-oth-er way. Her pa-pa had giv-en her a pret-ty lit-tle colt—a grace-ful but most wil-ful lit-tle an-i-mal, whose de-light it was to not go where it ought. But now gen-tle Su-sie can call it any-where with a hand-ful of clo-ver.

DON-ny CLARKE's way was one way. He had a nice don-key—a ver-y nice crea-ture in-deed if on-ly the right sort of boy had been his mas-ter. But when Don-ny rode he thought the prop-er thing was to take a big stick a-long and *make* his don-key go. But the min-ute Don-key saw the stick, both his ears and his tem-per stif-fened up, and not one inch would he budge—no, not e-ven though Don-ny's broth-er,

Will Don-ny ev-er learn that the “come” way is bet-ter than the “go” way?



## LIT-TLE NAME-LESS.

BY K. | T. W.

Just ours—that is all;  
 Rolled up round-y like a ball;  
 Red-rose face and turned-up  
 nose,

Cun-ning chin and pink-y toes,  
 Dim-pled cheeks and doub-led  
 fist —

Sweet-est ba-by on the list.

Out from Ba-by-land he came,  
 What shall be this ba-by's  
 name?

He for-got to bring one here,  
 We must find one for the dear;  
 Some-thing odd and pure and  
 true,

Noth-ing else for him will do.

“What’s his bus-i-ness?” Don’t  
 you know?

Just to eat, to sleep and grow.  
 Mak-ing each one in the house  
 Meek and qui-et as a mouse.  
 He will rule; this ti-ny thing  
 Makes us sub-jects; he is king.

Not a word can ba-by say  
 Of his land so far a-way;  
 When he sleeps he smiles to  
 see

Things un-known to you and  
 me;

When he wakes he stares and  
 blinks—

No one knows what ba-by  
 thinks.

On-ly ours, and that is all—  
 Precious lit-tle hu-man ball;



What he may be none may  
 say.

We are glad he came this  
 way —

Name-less, bless-ed lit-tle man,  
 None could love him as we  
 can!



# WHO SCRATCHED THE BA-BY?

## CHAPTER II.



OLD Mrs. Gold Pin did see the Ba-by. She heard him long before she saw him, though.

Such a steady *wah-wah-wah* as there was in Mrs. Tom's room, until the Old Gold Lady's heart ached like a grandmother's!

"What does ail it?" said Nurse at last, almost ready to shake the little bundle of lace and lawn.

"Prob-a-bly a Pin is pricking it some-where," said Mr. Tom, who had just come in.

Ba-by's mam-ma sat up and felt care-fully all over the poor little *wah-wah-ing* Bundle.

"He's all right," said she, "but I've pricked my-self.

Such vicious points as these little pins have—they aren't safe at all. Bring me the cushion, Nurse."

Mrs. Tom examined Pin after Pin, then tossed cushion and all off the bed. "Bring me the old cushion out of the dressing-room," she said.

Thus Old Mrs. Gold Pin got in, she and the whole troop of Old Family Pins with her.

Ba-by was pinned all over a-fresh with some thick short Pins that would-n't slip; but still he cried. As his papa was carry-ing him up and down, he all at once stopped short. "Look!" said he. "I should think he *would* cry! I told you 'twas Pins."

Sure enough, there was a long red scratch between Ba-by's two wet blue eyes.

"Mer-cy!" said Ba-by's mam-ma, reach-ing for him

a-gain. "How could a Pin have got there!"

Yes, *how?* Ba-by's eyes were not pinned on, nor was his nose.

All the Pins turned and looked at the Old Gold La-dy.



SHE BENT CLOSER.

"She's none too good," said Miss Cuff Pin, "to get up in the night and scratch a Ba-by she hates.

Don't we all re-mem-ber how she looked that day?"

The Old Gold La-dy was shocked. She *had* been vexed — but to think of *hurting a Ba-by!*

Next day Ba-by cried bad as ev-er. They looked him o-ver and found an-oth-er scratch on his cheek.

"I *can* get up in the night," said Mrs. Gold Pin to her-self, "and I be-lieve I will; for that is a scratch, and a Pin-scratch,

too, I do verily be-lieve!"

So that night, soon as all was still, Old Gold La-dy rose, and walked soft-ly up the moon-ray to the crib.

It was near-ly morn-ing when, sud-den-ly, she bent closer — O yes! — just so — the cul-prit was caught.

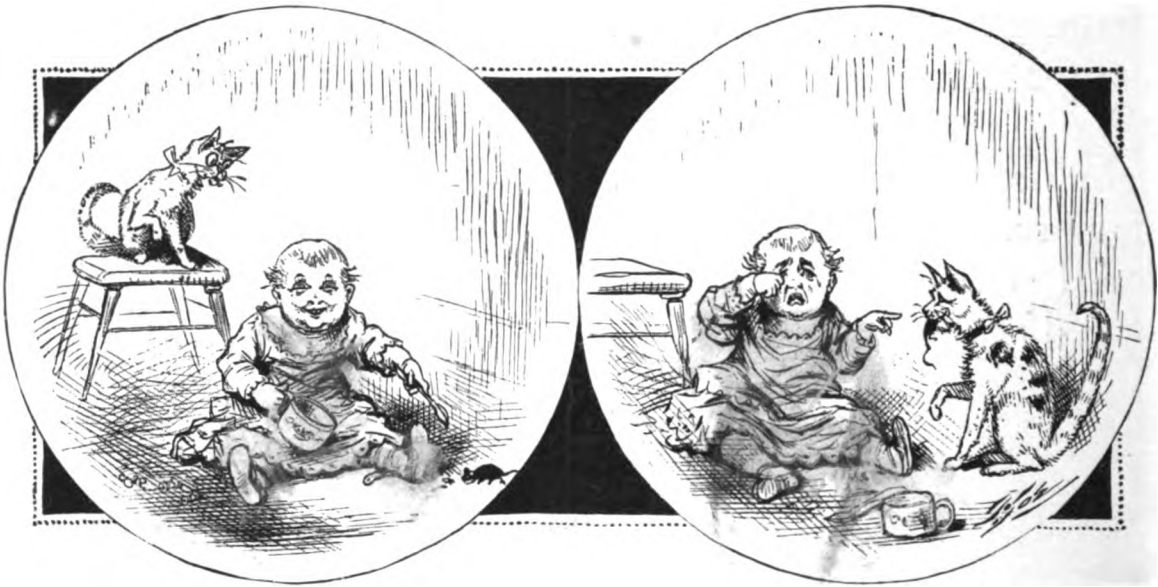
Old Mrs. Gold Pin giggled as she crossed the room and bent to speak in Mrs. Tom's ear.

What she said I can-not say; but next day, when Ba-by was *wah-wah-ing* as us-u-al, mam-ma re-mem-bered her dream, and stooped and ex-am-ined his lit-tle hands. Then, with the ti-ni-est pair of scis-sors in all the world she cut his sharp lit-tle nails.



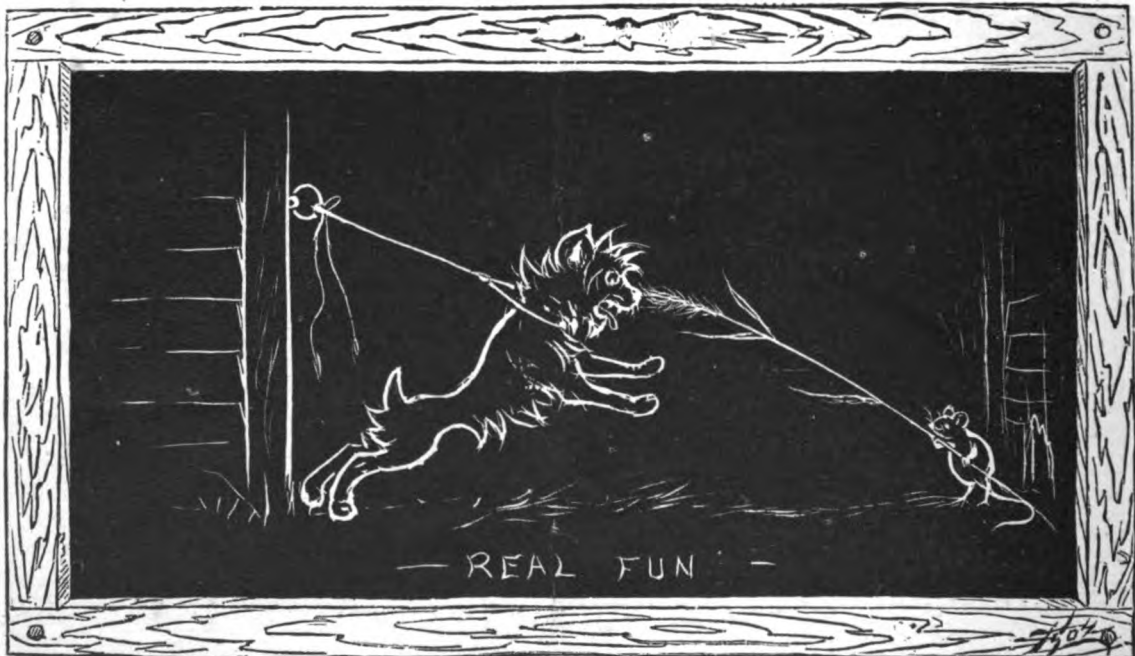
SHE CUT HIS SHARP LIT-TLE NAILS.

So the prob-a-bil-i-ty is that *Ba-by scratched him-self!*



A dear lit-tle play-mate  
ar-rives.

But an-oth-er fel-low se-  
cures him.



Slate Pict-ure for Ba-by to Draw.

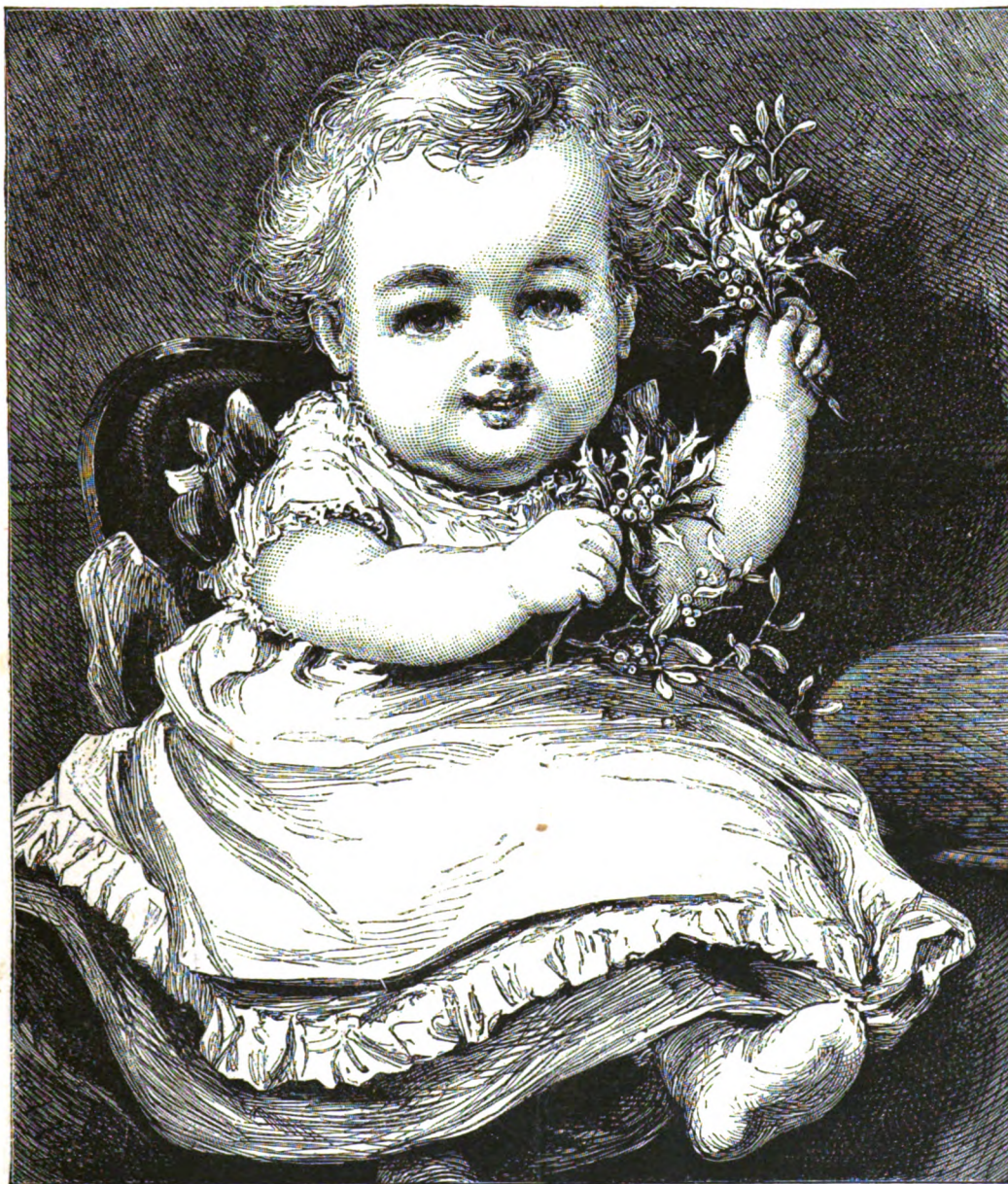


# BABYLAND

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1879.

NO. 3.



OUR BA-BY.

## OUR BA-BY.

BY MAR-GA-RET SID-NEY.

How ma-ny kiss-es does Ba-by have?  
Can you count the stars in the sky?  
Well, Ba-by has kiss-es for ev-er-y star,  
So I would-n't be-gin to try!

How ma-ny kiss-es does Ba-by have?  
Can you count the sand on the shore?  
Well, Ba-by has kiss-es — a kiss for a grain,  
All those — and a hun-dred more!

How ma-ny kiss-es does Ba-by have?  
Can you count the birds on the wing?  
Well, Ba-by has kiss-es from hearts of love  
As fast as the birds can sing!

How ma-ny kiss-es does Ba-by have?  
O dear! I nev-er can tell!  
Can you count in the world so round and fair  
The dear lit-tle bits of ba-by-hood there?

Well, then, if you know the kiss-es *they* have,  
*Our* lit-tle Ba-by has *more*!  
The cun-ning-est, bright-est and best of them all,  
If you search the whole world o'er.

## NOLL.

NOLL owns a dear pus-sy.  
Noll is sure she is one of  
the fa-mous "Three lit-tle kit-

first time Noll saw her, and  
has nev-er worn a-ny since.

And af-ter los-ing her mit-  
tens she must have lost her-self  
— for Noll found her one  
spring twi-light down by the  
hedge, all a-lone, cry-ing for  
her sup-per — that's what Noll  
said the "*me-ows*" meant.

And Noll, hap-py, ten-der-  
heart-ed Noll, has the gift of  
know-ing what the "*me-ows*,"  
the "*ba-ba-as*," the "*moo-oos*,"  
the "*bow-wows*" and the bird-  
chirps mean; and pus-sies,  
lamb-kins, cows, dogs, bird-ies,  
and e-ven wee down-y chick-ies,  
seem ver-y hap-py when she  
pats them with a ten-der coo.

Noll says she has taught  
pus-sy to tell her A B C's —  
not as you do, but by pat-ting  
them soft-ly with her vel-vet  
paw, one at a time, as Noll  
names them o-ver.

But I think Noll's chub-by  
hand must help the vel-vet  
paw — don't you?



tens who lost their mit-tens" —  
at least she had none on the



## MAM-MA'S HELP-ERS.

WHEN one day the ser-vant went off and left her, mam-ma found what nice girls her own two lit-tle daugh-ters were.

“So do I,” said the oth-er Lit-tle Wom-an. “Mam-ma is *so* nice and *so* smile-y! I wish we’d help more to-mor-row, don’t you?”



MAMMA'S HELPERS.

Lit-tlest did wish so; and when she wak-ed the next morn-ing she told Big-gest ex-act-ly how they could. It was a most mag-nif-i-cent lift-ing of the bur-den off mam-ma—they would wash their own clothes be-fore they went down to break-fast!

How grate-ful she was to the four lit-tle clat-ter-ing feet and the four lit-tle nim-ble hands!

At night as they snug-gled down on the pil-low the lit-tlest of the Help-ers said she was ver-y tir-ed. “But,” ad-ded she, “I like to keep house — more than to go to school.”

The wash-bowl proved a rath-er small tub; they could wet but one gar-ment at a time, and the big white suds would pop o-ver on the car-pet. But, how-ev-er, just as the bell rang, the last night-gown was flap-ped over a chair-back, and they would have been hap-py



—on-ly the clothes did-n't seem  
as clean as be-fore the wash-ing.

“But I guess they'll dry all  
right,” Lit-tlest said cheer-i-ly,  
as she wrig-gled a pair of ver-y

damp arms in-to her sleeves.  
“And won't mam - ma be  
s'prised!”

It is safe to say that mam-  
ma *was* s'prised.

## GREAT EX-PECT-A-TIONS.

BY MA-RY SPRING WALK-ER.

WHEN I grow to twenty-one,  
I will plant a field of corn.



When the corn be-gins to  
sprout,  
Two wee leaves come peep-ing  
out.

When the leaves are fresh and  
green,

A slen-der stalk shoots up be-  
tween.

While the stalk keeps on to  
grow,  
The ti-ny ears be-gin to show.

When the ears are long and  
thin,  
The pret-ty silk be-gins to  
spin.

When the pretty silk is spun,  
It turns the col-or of the sun.

When the sum-mer sun is gone,  
It's time to gath-er in the corn.

When the corn is gath-ered in,  
What a for-tune I shall win!

# LIT-TLE JACK'S JEAL-OUS-Y.

BY CHARLES HIG-GINS.

JACK was a fun-ny lit-tle black-and-tan dog, not much larg-er than a cat. You would not think, to look at him, that he was ver-y smart, but he did know a great deal.

He loved his seven-year-old mis-tress, Jen-nie, ver-y dear-ly.



When - ev - er she went out for a walk he took hold of the bot-tom of her dress with his teeth and trot-ted

a-long proud-ly af-ter her.

Jen-nie never feared to go a-ny-where with Jack, for she knew the lit-tle fel-low who owned those keen black eyes and sharp white teeth was not a-fraid of a-ny-thing.

One day, when a big boy

tried to fright-en her, Jack



dropped her dress and rushed at him so sav-age-ly that he ran off as fast as he could run.

I might tell you of a great ma-ny fun-ny things Jack did, but the fun-ni-est thing of all, as it end-ed, though it was ver-y naugh-ty in Jack, was some-thing he did when he was ver-y jeal-ous.

Jen-nie had had giv-en to her a ver-y lit-tle kit-ten. From the first Jack dis-liked the new pet. She liked ver-y much to play with his tail, which, of course, be-ing a dig-ni-fied dog, he re-sent-ed.

And then Jen-nie used to pet the kit-ty in-stead of play-

ing with him, and at length, when Jen-nie took the kit-ty in her arms, Jack would walk slowly a-way with his tail curled tight-ly o-ver his back, which was a sure sign he felt ug-ly. Jen-nie some-times took her kit-ty just to see Jack go a-way so stiff and sul-ky.



In fact, Jack's jeal-ous-y, which he took no pains to hide, a-mused the whole fam-i-ly.

On the day Jen-nie's school com-menced, her mind was so com-plete-ly filled with the pros-pect that she nev-er 'gave

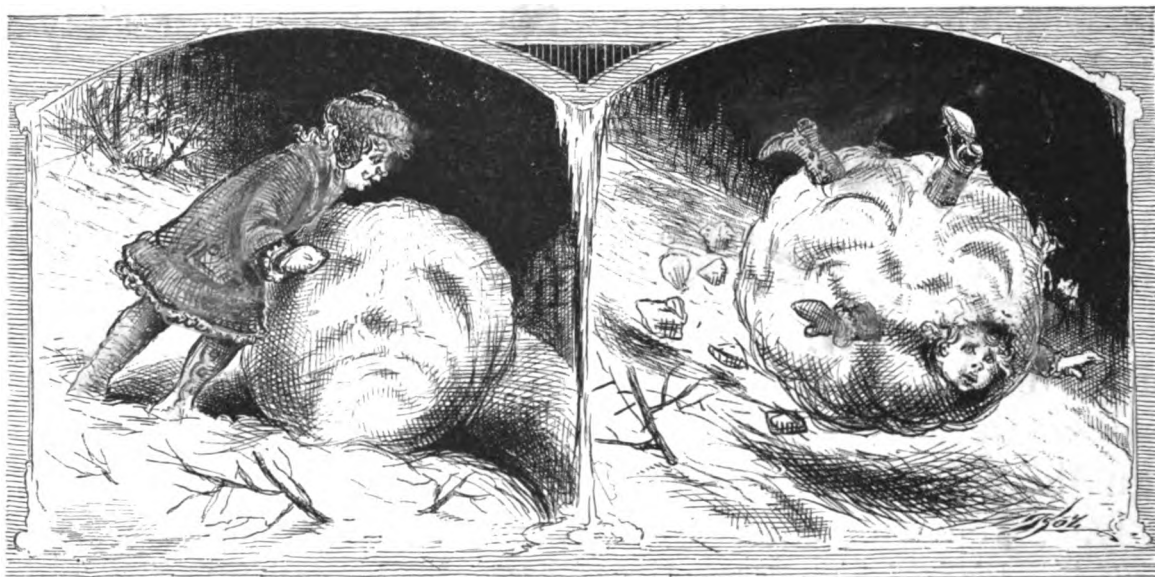
a thought to Jack or kit-ty as she left home.

But Jack had a plan — a dark, cru-el plan. His eyes and teeth gleamed bright-er than ev-er be-fore, and the lit-tle tail was curled up al-most in-to a knot, as he stood in the door-way and watched his mis-tress un-til out of sight down the pleas-ant, wind-ing road. Then he turned in-to the house and walked straight to the cush-ion where poor kit-ty lay sound-ly sleep-ing, curled up in a lit-tle soft white heap, look-ing so gen-tle and so in-no-cent that none but a ver-y bad, jeal-ous and mis-tak-en dog would ev-er have thought of harm-ing her.

( TO BE CONTINUED. )



YES, lit-tle cat, you may come and look out —  
But I shall hold you fast and you need-n't pout.  
It's the naugh-ti-est thing that ev-er I heard,  
That you should wish to dine on a bird !



Jack roll-eth the Snow-ball. The Snow-ball roll-eth Jack.



Slate Pict-ure for Ba-by to Draw.



# BABYLAND.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1879.

NO. 4.



HEART'S DE-LIGHT.

## HEART'S DE-LIGHT.

O sweet, so sweet, is my dol-ly Rose!  
 Just all that I know my dol-ly knows;  
 And when I am glad the dar-ling is glad,  
 And when I am sad the dar-ling is sad.  
 How dear she is, O, no-bod-y knows,  
 No, no, not e-ven my prec-ious Rose.

## THE MORN-ING CALL.

*"Moo-oo-oo!"* says the old cow. "I won-der where my Frank can be, that he does-n't come and milk me and drive me to the pas-ture; for, *moo-*



*oo-oo!* I am hun-gry and need my break-fast!"

*"Cock-a-doo-dle-doo! Cut-*



*cut-ca-dah!"* say the chick-ens. "Where is Frank? And why does-n't he come and feed us our corn, and let us out of this coop! The cool

ground is just full of bugs and worms this morn-ing! *Cock-a-doo-dle-doo! Cut-cut-ca-dah!*"



"*Bow-wow-wow!* I'm usually un-chained and fed earlier than this," says Pon-to. "I don't see where my Frank can be this morn-ing! *Bow-wow-wow!*"



And the horse whin-nies and neighs, and paws the ground,

and pricks up his ears to list-en for Frank's foot-steps; for he, too, is hun-gry and ver-y tired wait-ing for his break-fast.

"*Ugh-ugh-ugh-a-wee-ee-ee!* If my Frank does-n't come pret-ty soon I'll root my way out from un-der this pen, for I'm so hun-gry! and I do so won-der where he stays!"



Well, here is the miss-ing Frank, sleep-ing and dream-ing, dream-ing and sleep-ing! O, get up, la-zy boy! *Get up!* GET UP! GET UP!







IN-NO-CENT!

## CAT TRACKS.

BY LOU BUR-NEY.

OUR Ted-dy-boy has the grav-est face in the world, but he is just run-ning o-ver full with mis-chief.

What do you think Ted-dy did the oth-er day?

Why, Mol-ly found *cat tracks* all o-ver the bread that she had set down to rise! There was a pan of flour on the ta-ble, all nice-ly smoothed, read-y to send to the poor

Dunn fam-i-ly, and *that* was print-ed all o-ver, too!

How an-gry Mol-ly was, and *how* she scold-ed in-no-cent old Tab-by! for, of course, Mol-ly thought *she* had walked o-ver her nice bread.

The great up-roar in the kitch-en — Mol-ly scold-ing, and Ted-dy march-ing up and down, up and down, with his



heavy lit-tle shoes — brought mam-ma and the girls down-stairs.

And then grave-faced Ted-dy walked up to the ta-ble, put his first two fin-gers and his thumb to-geth-er, and pressed them down on the smooth flour; and lo, and be-hold! *an-oth-er* kit-ty's

track! They all thought the lit-tle trick ver-y cun-ning, but grave-faced lit-tle Ted-dy nev-er once smiled. I dare say he con-sid-ered it noth-ing in com-par-i-son with what he *could* do.



GUIL-TY!



Hip-pi-ty-hop! O dear! I can't stop!  
Where'll my legs car-ry me now, I won-der?

And O! it's so warm! it's go-ing to storm!

A-lack-a-day! Hark! there's a rum-ble of thun-der!

Hip! hip! Hip-pi-ty-skip!

This is the way a frog's life goes;  
I wish I could run, it looks like such fun,  
But no; I must hop on the ends of my toes.

Whew! whew! What shall I do?

To live on the jump is a ver-y great bore;  
I de-clare! I'm so tired, I would-n't be hired,  
No mat-ter what hap-pened, to hop a-ny more.  
*Gung! What's that noise?* O, do spare me, boys!

This is the way a frog's life goes!  
One day he is hop-ping, and can't think of stop-ping—

The next in a dish un-der some-bod-y's nose!



# LIT-TLE JACK'S JEAL-OUS-Y.

BY CHARLES HIG-GINS.

## CHAPTER II.



MR. JACK was so in-tent on the i-dea he had in his naugh-ty lit-tle head that he did not see his lit-tle mis-tress' pa-pa stand-ing in the hall, look-ing sharp-ly af-ter him as he took the sleep-y lit-tle cat by the neck, just as moth-er-cats do, and trot-ted noise-less-ly out-of-doors. But, af-ter a mo-ment, pa-pa fol-lowed has-ti-ly, cu-ri-ous to see what was a-bout to be done.

Sev-er-al min-utes passed be-fore he could dis-cov-er where Jack had dis-ap-peared; but, af-ter go-ing a-bout here and there, at length he es-pied

him far down in the mow-ing, mak-ing straight for the pond just as fast as ev-er his plump bur-den would al-low. Ev-i-dent-ly, he was go-ing to drown the poor kit-ten!

Pa-pa was so much as-ton-ished, — so ver-y much as-ton-ished, he did not think of shout-ing, but ran af-ter at the top of his speed.

Mean-time Jack dashed in-to the pond; and, swim-ming out a short dis-tance, let his load d r o p, and quick-ly re-tur-ned to the shore.

There he stood for a few sec-onds, re-gard-ing the poor kit-ten as she gasped and strug-gled and



meowed pit-i-ful-ly in the wa-ter.

Of course I do not know what passed through Jack's mind in those few sec-onds; but he must have re-pent-ed of his cru-el act, for, with a lit-tle quick bark he sprang in-to the wa-ter a-gain, swam swift-ly out, and bore the vic-tim of his jeal-ous-y safe-ly to land.



At this mo-ment pa-pa came run-ning up; and Jack laid his poor lit-tle bur-den, drag-gled

and al-most sense-less, at pa-pa's feet. Then he cast him-self on his back be-side her, a ver-y pic-ture of re-morse and ter-ror.

Pa-pa did not know wheth-er to smile or to scold. He bore a-way the two drip-ping lit-tle crea-tures to the house, one on eith-er arm, where kit-ty was ten-der-ly cared for, and in a few days was her own play-ful self a-gain.

Ev-er after, Jack was kit-ty's firm friend and pro-tect-or; he al-ways seemed real-ly try-ing to a-tone by con-stant kind-ness for his one e-vil deed.

## JOL-LY ROL-LY POL-LY.



JOL-LY Rol-ly Pol-ly

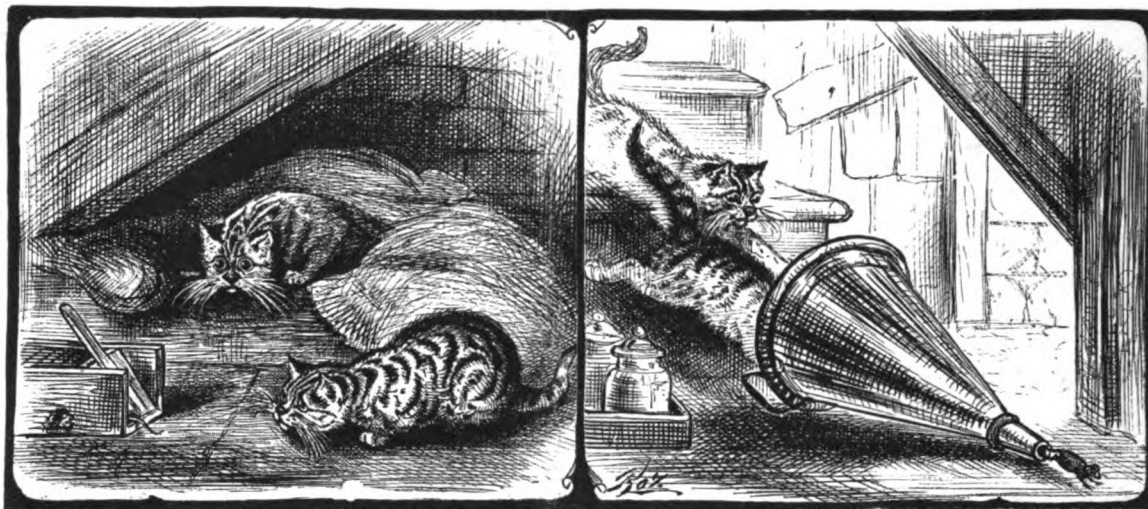
Took his sis-ter Dol-ly

Out to see the won-der-world;

Told her of the ro-ses,

But-ter-flies and po-sies —

Made for her a won-der-world.



It is din-ner-time.

But din-ner is-n't read-y.



Slate Pict-ure for Ba-by to Draw.



# BABYLAND.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1879.

NO. 5.



PREP-SY'S STORY.

# PEEP-SY'S STO-RY.

BY E. F. P.

WHAT sort of a tale do you sup-pose naugh-ty, cun-ning lit-tle Peep-sy Price told one day, when she was ta-ken up af-ter her nap?

Her black eyes spark-led like stars as she looked, first at her mam-ma, then at sis-ter Jen-ny.

"I will tell 'oo a 'to-ry," said she, "an' it's true-true; for I dweamed it my-self, and Dol-ly was wiv me. Well, Dol-ly an' I went to Cake-ee-land. Tall wom-ens were bak-ing cake-ees. An' they was all white cake-ees wiv p'ums. An' I said:

" 'Wom-ens, give Dol-ly an' me some cake-ee!'

"An' wom-ens said:

" 'It-tle girl, go home! 'Oo own mam-ma has cake-ee in her cake-ee jar.'

"An' I said:

" 'Wom-ens, my mam-ma keeps her white cake-ee wiv p'ums for vis'-tor folks.'

"An' wom-ens said:

" 'Tell 'oo mam-ma,' " and here naugh-ty Peep-sy cast down her eyes, and her round cheeks grew just as pink as they could be, " 'that her own lit-tle girl is more 'por-tance than vis'-tor folks.' An' then we comed a-way. An' this is a true-true dweam, for Dol-ly was wiv me and she heard what the tall wom-ens said."

Mam-ma thought this was a very re-mark-a-ble dream, in-deed. And then, pres-ent-ly, when she had put Peep-sy down, she gave both her "own girls" a slice of the vis'-tor folks' cake — "white cake-ee with p'ums in it."

## A LES-SON IN MAN-NERS.



THE moth-er-cat rose up out of her sleep;

She called to her kit-tens, so shrill and deep

That in they pranced, all three in a heap.

“Kit-tens!” said she, in a tone so grave  
That each lit-tle tail for-got to wave,

“It’s time I taught you how to be-have.

“All el-e-gant cats mind cer-tain laws—  
Know va-ri-ous styles of hold-ing paws,  
And dain-ty ways to man-age claws.

“Nice well-bred kit-tens walk side by side

Be-hind their moth-er, with gen-tle glide—

Not scam-per and roll and hop and hide.

“I wish you to learn to give a paw  
With a soft and el-e-gant *me-aw*!  
And the sweet-est smile one ev-er saw.

“And a bow—a real-ly grace-ful bow  
Is what few cats ev-er learn how  
To make—I’ll train you my-self. See now—

“Not a nod—but slow and deep—*this* way—

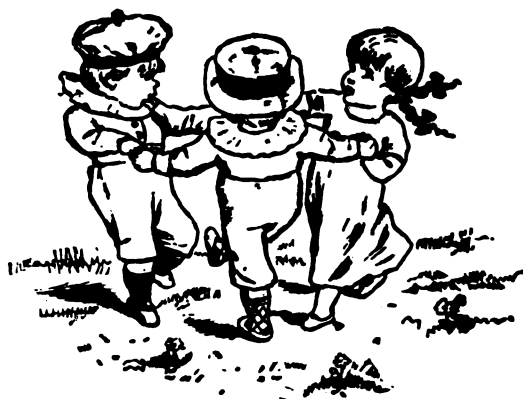
Bra-vo, my beau-ti-ful dears!—Go play!”

Three whisks and a whirl! off and a-way!

No more Be-hav-ing—hur-rah!—to-day!

## SPRING JOY.

RING a-round  
 And swing a-round !  
 Here are dan-de-lions dear !  
 And the pets,  
 Sweet vi-o-lets,  
 In their blue hoods, must be  
 ' near !  
 Dai-sy's up !  
 And but-ter-cup  
 And clo-ver red will soon be  
 here!—



Ring a-round  
 And swing a-round,  
 Sing-ing up so loud and clear.



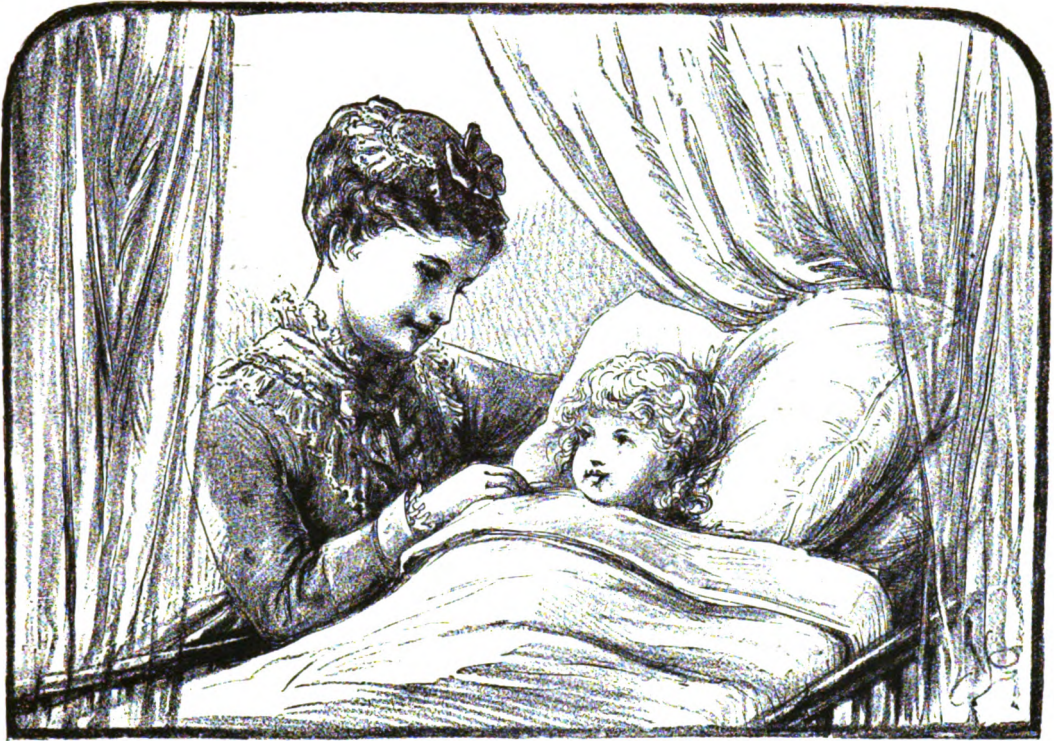
WEE Wil-ly Watts  
 owns the best  
 horse in  
 town ; yes,  
 the best.  
 Just think  
 of a horse  
 that can talk  
 and ask you :  
 "Where is it  
 your pleas-  
 ure to go  
 now, Mr. Wil-ly Watts ?"

Just think of a horse that  
 will kneel and let a lit-tle boy  
 get all nice-ly fixed on his back  
 —a horse with round red  
 cheeks that will turn his head  
 and kiss you —and the next  
 min-ute snort and paw in the  
 love-li-est way you ev-er saw !

Well, wee Wil-ly's steed  
 will do all this, and, be-sides,  
 car-ries ap-ples and can-dy in  
 his pock-ets.

Ah, is-n't this a nice horse !





## GO-ING TO BED.

SUP-POSE, lit-tle dar-ling,  
 I put you to bed —  
 Why, dear, you know growl-ing  
 Is real-ly ill-bred!

Off—shoes and stock-ings!  
 Off—lit-tle dress!  
 On—lit-tle night-gown!  
 What a suc-cess!

Here is the crib;  
 Here is the pil-low;  
 A nice lit-tle nest  
 My dear will just fill, O!

I'll toss you up once,  
 I'll toss you twice,  
 I'll lay you down  
 As I toss you thrice.

Lie still, my pret-ty,  
 I'll tuck up your toes;  
 I'll tuck you up warm  
 To the tip of your nose.

Kiss me now, pre-cious!  
 No, don't lift your head—  
 Such a bad lit-tle daugh-ter!—  
*Won't* stay in bed.

# THE THREE LIT-TLE FIRE-MEN.

## CHAPTER I.

IT so hap-pened that three lit-tle boys were once left to keep house for two whole days. Ed-dy, ten years old, was brave e-nough for any-thing; Ad-dy, though young-er, was just as man-ly, and Tad-dy was a good-hu-mored, trust-ing lit-tle fel-low, who had per-fect con-fi-dence in his old-er broth-ers.

It was not the first time their pa-pa and mam-ma had left them a-lone o-ver night; and, as they were oft-en o-bliged to go a-way from home, they had taught their lit-tle boys to take care of them-selves and the house, and not be a-fraid.

It was win-ter weath-er; and this was the last thing mam-ma said as she bade them good-by:

"Now re-mem-ber, boys, to be care-ful a-bout the fire; and to go to bed be-fore it is time to light a can-dle."

As the sleigh drove out of

sight, lit-tle lov-ing Tad-dy had a mind to cry a bit; but, in a jif-fy, Ed-dy and Ad-dy



COM-FORT-ING TAD-DY.

had made a chair with their hands, put it un-der him, and whisked him in-to the house.

And then, such a good time as they did have that day!

They popped corn and made love-ly ma-p-le can-dy pop-corn balls; and then they washed their hands and played me-nag-e-rie and twenty oth-er games till bed-time; and then, like good lit-tle sons, they bur-ied up the fire with ash-es, not leav-ing one lit-tle red coal

in sight, and went to bed with-out light-ing a can-dle at all. So you see the house did not burn down *that* night.

The next day was Sun-day ; and, of course, they put on their good clothes, and shut up the house, and went to church and Sun-day-school.

After they had come home and eat-en their din-ner, Ed-dy said, "Come, boys, let's go up-stairs and sit in the big cra-dle by the stove-pipe and read!"

The cra-dle was a big one, but still it was a pret-ty snug pat-tern for three such plump,



A GOOD TIME.

man-ly, well-fed boys. Ed-dy gave the or-ders.

"Now we'll all stand up

while I wrap this blank-et a-round us, and then sit down all to-geth-er!"

And so they wedged them-

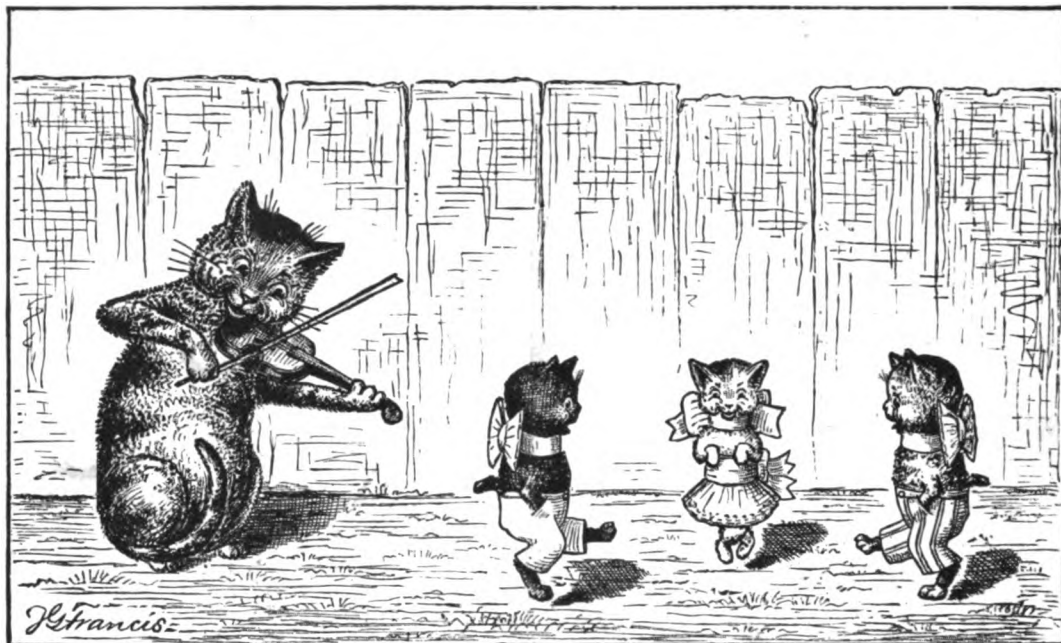


AN-OTH-ER GOOD TIME.

selves in, down in the old wood-en cra-dle, wrapped in a blank-et, and Ed-dy and Ad-dy took turns read-ing a-loud un-til pret-ty near dark.

But, when it began to get a lit-tle dark, it be-gan to grow cold, even up there by the stove-pipe, for their fire had gone out. So they scrambled out of their nest in the cra-dle, and, af-ter eat-ing a lunch, they went to bed, not light-ing a can-dle at all.

So, it seems, the house is safe for one more night.



The Dan-cing Les-son.



Slate Pict-ure for Ba-by to Draw.



# BABYLAND.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1879.

NO. 6.



ONE WAY TO GET AN EGG.

## ONE WAY TO GET AN EGG.

BIG broth-er Ja-mie brought in from the barn a beau-ti-ful lit-tle egg, no larg-er than a par-tridge egg, and gave it to ba-by Nor-man.

Then sis-ter Su-sie felt badly be-cause she had no wee bit of an egg. Her sweet mouth puck-ered up and her great black eyes be-gan to look like two round clouds just go-ing to show-er her face with rain. But mam-ma said some-thing that made the sun-shine come back. Now what did mam-ma say? Why, just lis-ten :

“O, Su-sie, let us write a let-ter to the hen and ask her to lay you an-oth-er lit-tle egg!”

And here is the let-ter they wrote. Did you ev-er read such a fun-ny thing?

“DEAR MRS. HEN: Please ma'am, if you please, lay me ver-y soon a ti-ny wee bit of an egg.  
SU-SIE P.”

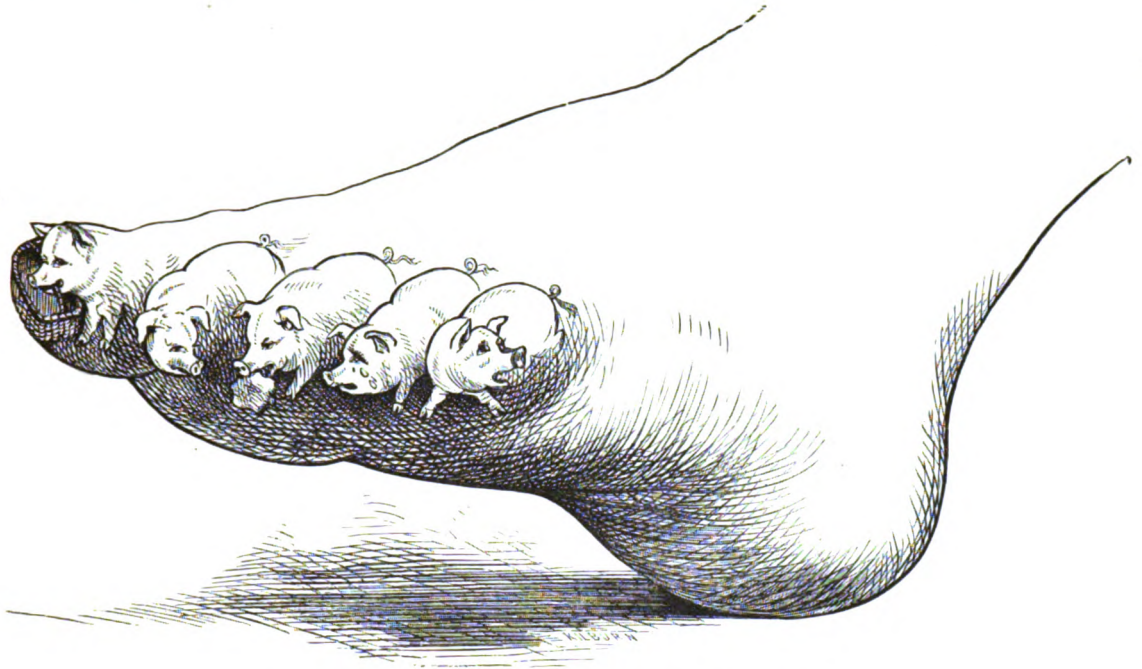
The let-ter was di-rect-ed to “Mrs. Hen,” put in the nest, and the ver-y next morn-ing Su-sie ran out bright and ear-ly to the barn though her mam-ma told her Mrs. Hen had not yet had time to spell out the un-looked-for let-ter. And then who could tell wheth-er she was an o-blig-ing hen, to do just what she was asked!

It was be-fore break-fast that Su-sie went to see if her egg was laid; and will you be-lieve me when I tell you she came run-ning back to the house with a great, big, beau-ti-ful white egg in her hand? And O! did-n't she look hap-py?

This is a per-fect-ly true sto-ry; and I am sure you will think we have a most o-blig-ing and al-so a ver-y learned hen.

Su-sie thinks so, at a-ny-rate.





[This picture is reprinted in BABYLAND at the request of many children.]

## FIVE LIT-TLE FEL-LOWS.

BY M. L. W.

THERE were five chub-by, plump lit-tle fel-lows,  
Who lived in a queer lit-tle house,  
So soft and bright-col-ored and co-sey,  
And warm as the fur of a mouse.  
The big-gest one felt so im-port-ant  
He put his nose out of a chink ;  
That pleased him ; he put out his bod-y —  
And what hap-pened then, do you think ?

Why, their land-lord he bought a new dwel-ling,  
More room-y, and much strong-er, too ;

With quite a good, sol-id foun-da-tion,  
And shaped like a lit-tle boy's shoe.  
But it didn't have e-ven a win-dow,  
And they did-n't en-joy it a mite ;  
And they pushed and they pinched and crowd-ed,  
And al-most got in-to a fight.

And when they could stand it no long-er,  
A big boy who hap-pened that way  
Went and asked Mr. Pa-pa, the land-lord,  
To let them come out for a day.  
So he came and un-fast-ened the latch-string,  
And freed them from where they were hid —  
Don't you think they were glad to see day-light ? —  
And I'll tell you just what they did :

Mr. Big Pig went to the mar-ket,  
Mr. Lit-tle Pig played with a stone,  
Good Pig-gino ate bread and but-ter,  
And Dan-dy-whis-tle picked a nice bone ;  
But poor lit-tle Tick Tick so fun-ny  
(At least this is what they told me)  
Ran away, and got lost, and kept cry-ing  
“ Wee wee,” and “ wee wee,” and “ wee wee.”





## THE WISH-ING-CAP.

DOL-LY, here's a wish-ing-cap!  
I'll tell you all a-bout it;



I've on-ly just to wear it, and  
Be care-ful not to doubt it.

Tom-my read a-loud, last night,  
A-bout a lit-tle fel-low  
Who had one that was just  
like this,  
Black vel-vet trimmed with  
yel-low.

Won't pa-pa be sur-prised,  
when I  
Tell him his cap for smok-  
ing

Will give him a-ny-thing he  
wants!

He'll think I'm on-ly jok-ing.

Now, dear, what shall we wish  
for first? —

I'd like a lit-tle po-ny,  
So you and I could ride a-bout,  
Our own two selves a-lone-y.

Why don't it come! You  
naugh-ty doll,  
I wish I hadn't spok-en!



*You've* doubt-ed the dear wish-  
ing-cap,  
And now the charm is brok-en!

# THE THREE LIT-TLE FIRE-MEN.

## CHAPTER II.

THEIR pa-pa and mam-ma were to be home next day so the three lit-tle men got up bright and ear-ly.

It was a cold morn-ing, and they built a splen-did hot fire, and Ad-dy toast-ed some bread and Ed-dy fried some sau-sages. While they were eat-ing this fa-mous hot break-fast Ad-die went to the stove for some "real tea" they had made, when he heard a queer crack-ling noise o-ver his head, and on look-ing up he saw a red blaze of fire all a-round the stove-pipe in the floor a-bove.

Well, what a sit-u-a-tion for three lit-tle boys! In a mo-ment's time Tad-dy had been bun-dled in-to his o-ver-coat and sent off to the near-est neigh-bors for help; and then Ed-dy and Ad-dy set them-selves to work.

They ran like mad up-stairs,

o-pened the win-dows and tried to put out the fire by scrap-ing in snow off the roof with their



PUTTING IT OUT WITH SNOW.

bare hands; but this did not help at all, while the wind fanned the flames. So down they flew for pails, and out they rushed, bare-head-ed and mit-ten-less, to bring wa-ter from the spring; but the wa-ter was so low that Ed-dy could on-ly reach it by ly-ing down on the ic-y edge of the spring, bal-anc-ing him-self on his stom-ach. Ed-dy filled two pails and then back they went, and pant-ed, fast as they could, up the

nar-row, crook-ed stairs, and then Ed-dy left Ad-dy to pour his pail-ful on and went back for more. Luck-i-ly the roof had leaked so much about the chim-ney the old floor was not ver-y dry, and when Ed-dy came with an-oth-er pail-ful he wet the floor all o-ver, and af-ter this fash-ion the two lit-tle fire-men worked so hard that be-fore a-ny-one came they had put the fire out.

The fire must have caught from the blan-ket which they had thrown back a-against the pipe when they went down-



AT THE SPRING.

stairs the even-ing be-fore. The blan-ket was near-ly burned up, and one side of the

cra-dle and one end of a large chest that stood near were al-so bad-ly burned, and a ver-y large place was burned in the floor.



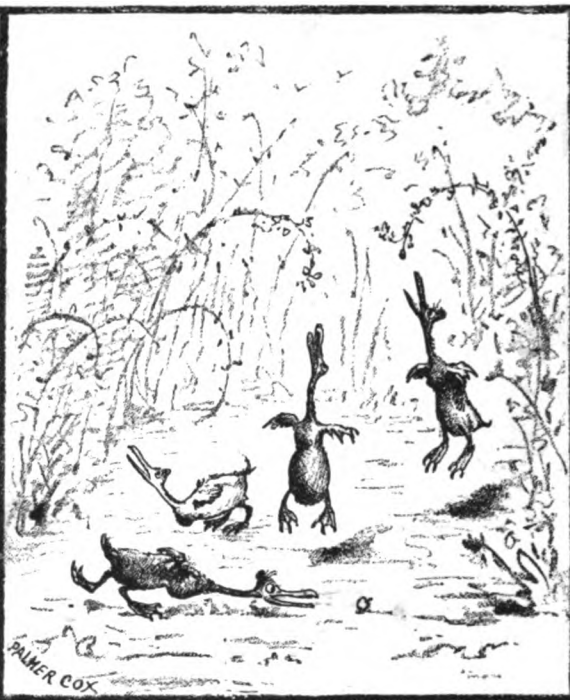
MRS. WHITE IS ASTONISHED.

There was one ver-y fun-ny thing that I must not for-get to tell you ; when lit-tle Tad-dy went to give the a-larm of fire he went in the calm-est, most prop-er and or-der-ly man-ner pos-si-ble. He took a chair and sat for fif-teen min-utes, and then said meek-ly, " Mrs. White, our house is on fire."

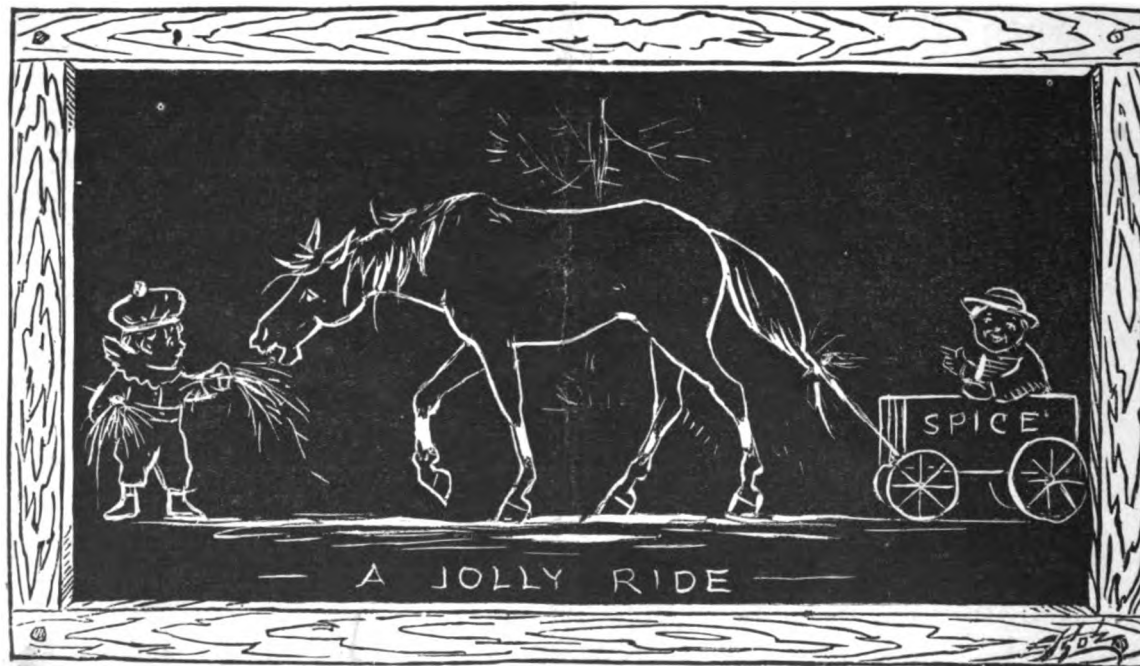
Tad-dy has grown to be a man now, but Mrs. White, who is a dear old la-dy, of-ten tel-ls the sto-ry of the " Three Lit-tle Fire-men," al-ways dwel-ling on Tad-dy's cool-ness.



FOUR LIT-TLE CHIL-DREN CLIMB-ING AF-TER CHER-RIES.



FOUR LIT-TLE BA-BY-DUCKS JUMP-ING AF-TER BER-RIES.



Slate Pict-ure for Ba-by to Draw.



# BABYLAND.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1879.

NO. 7.



FRED-DY'S HORSE.

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## FRED-DY'S HORSE.

WHAT'LL you give for a first-class steed,  
 Ready to go at a racing speed?—  
 Take you from Ger-many in-to Spain  
 All in a min-ute and home a-gain!  
 The ea-si-est back that ev-er you strode—  
 Just look at us now fly o-ver the road!

## JIM-MY'S FRIEND.

BY CHARLES HIG-GINS.

You will smile when I tell you that Jim-my's friend was a lit-tle red calf. But it did not

play with. He did have a tame mouse; but, one day it tried to run un-der the rock-ing-chair — alas!

So he had no play-mate but the con-fid-ing lit-tle Bos-sy, and they two had rol-lick-ing times ev-er-y day.

Jim-my tied Bos-sy to a tree in the field ev-er-y morn-ing, and led her back to the



FRED-DY AND BOS-SY BOTH HAVE THEIR OWN WAY.

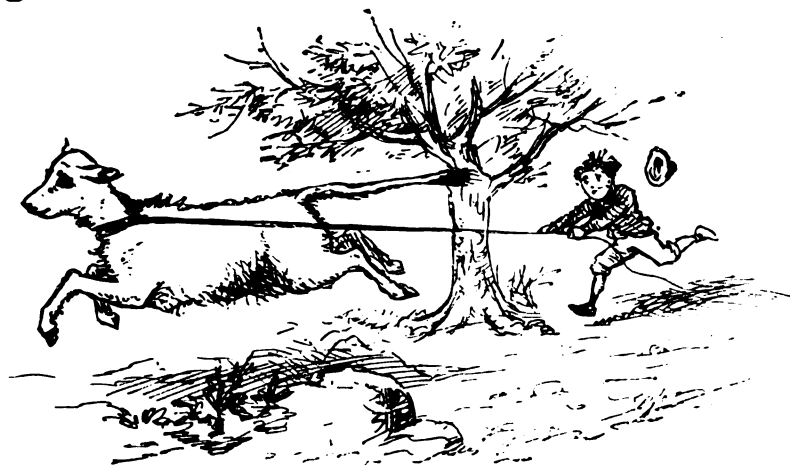
seem at all strange to Jim-my, who had no boy friends to

barn ev-er-y night.

Bos-sy was not al-ways will-

ing to be led, how-ev-er; for, al-though she would as soon go in one di-rec-tion as an-

though she didn't sus-pect it. Jim-my always en-joyed this trick; for Bos-sy could have her way and he could have his, at the same time.



VER-Y HAP-PY AND FRISK-Y.

oth-er, if left to her-self, she stub-born-ly pulled back in just the wrong di-rec-tion if Jim-my pulled on the rope ev-er so gent-ly.

den-ly a-cross the field at the top of her speed; and, if she got fair-ly start-ed, Jim-my had to let go the rope, or be dragged a-long ver-y much

But did Jim-my get an-gry and tug just as stub-born-ly at the oth-er end of the rope?

O, no! he just turned Bos-sy a-round and pretend-ed to pull her in the oth-er di-rec-tion, and Bos-sy in-stan-t-ly backed a-way a-gain — just where Jim-my wanted her to go, al-



THE WRONG PAR-TY IS STOPPED.

fast-er than he cared to trav-el.

One time he tried to stop her, by let-ting her go past a tree on one side while he swung a-round the oth-er. But Bos-sy, in-stead of stop-ping short as he ex-pect-ed, cir-cled a-round him so ver-y quick-ly that, be-fore he knew it, he was bound hand and foot to the tree.

Bos-sy looked at him, won-

der-ing-ly for a mo-moment, then com-menced chew-ing the knee of his trou-sers; and had gnawed a great hole be-fore Jim-my's cries brought help to re-lease him. Soon af-ter, Bos-sy was turned in-to the past-ure with the larger cat-tle, and Jim-my had to find an-oth-er friend.

What the next one was I do not know.



A dear lit-tle ba-by  
As good as she's fair,  
With smil-ing blue eyes  
And gold-en-y hair—  
She's go-ing to walk,  
And what'll she wear?

The ruff-led white cloak  
That hangs on the crib,  
A lit-tle lace hood,  
And a lit-tle lace bib—  
Our ba-by's a beau-ty  
And that is no fib.

And when she goes out,  
So sweet and so fine,  
All who see her will say,  
“I wish she was mine!”  
But she isn't—she's our  
Own lit-tle Sun-shine.





THE TEN WOLVES.

ONE day Ben-ny sat up ver-y straight and kicked his lit-tle heels on the floor, no mat-ter what lit-tle Nell did to a-muse him; and at last Nell had to make a new play. So she put all his toys be-hind the lit-tle toy fence. "Now, ba-by," said she, mak-ing her fing-ers look strong and fierce, "here are ten wolves to climb o-ver your fence! Here come the two Big Thumb Wolves af-ter Ben-ny's top and ball! Here come the two Fore-fing-er Wolves

af-ter Ben-ny's lamb and cat! Here come two Mid-dle fing-er Wolves af-ter Ben-ny's hor-ses! Here are oth-er Mid-fing-er Wolves af-ter Ben-ny's two trees! Here come the Lit-tle-fing-er Wolves af-ter the barn and the fence! And here," said she, jump-ing up with a ver-y big growl, "come all the ten, hun-grier than ev-er, af-ter Ben-ny him-self!"

Up she caught him and ran off, growl-ing, with Ben-ny laugh-ing as hard as he could,

# MAC AND HIS DO-INGS.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHN-SON.

## CHAPTER I.



MAC SPEAKS.

“WELL, Mac, what do you want?”

Mac’s mas-ter sat in his arm-chair, by the bright, o-pen fire, news-pa-per in his hand ; Mac had brought his slip-pers, one by one, in his mouth. Then he stood up on his hind feet, and held his fore-paws quite still. Mac was a pret-ty dog — glos-sy brown coat, white breast and paws, and great, lov-ing, brown eyes.

He knew just as well as his mas-ter did that he al-ways looked ver-y cun-ning when he stood on his “back feet,” and he glanced out of the cor-ner

of his bright eye to see if any-bod-y was *ad-mir-ing* him.

“Speak,” said his mas-ter.

“Bow-wow!” said Mac, ver-y po-lite-ly.

“Here’s your mon-ey,” said his mas-ter, and he took a cent from his vest pock-et, and gave it to the dog.

Mac wagged his tail, and took the cent in his mouth. A-way he went, down-stairs, through the kitch-en, where Ka-ty o-pened the door for him, out on the street, and a-way to the bak-er’s shop a-round the cor-ner, hold-ing the cent be-tween his shin-ing white teeth.

He stood up by the coun-ter like a-ny cus-tom-er, till the bak-er no-ticed him, and said:

“Well, old fel-low, come

for your bun? Eh, Mac?"

Mac wagged his tail, very po-lite-ly, and then smil-ing-ly laid the cent on the coun-ter.



MAC BUYS HIS BUN.

The bak-er knew him very well. He came al-most ev-er-y day, with a pen-ny and bought a bun.

The bak-er made ver-y nice buns, al-most al-ways, but this time he hap-pened to have some that were burned in the ov-en. The out-side was black and bit-ter. He had been talk-ing pol-i-tics, and for-got-ten to take the buns out in time.

A mean thought came in-to his mind.

"The dog won't know the dif-fer-ence," he said to him-self. "I'll give him a burned one."

But Mac did know the dif-fer-ence.

And Mac showed that he knew the dif-fer-ence too. No lit-tle boy could have ex-pressed his o-pin-ion more em-phat-i-cally.

He tast-ed the bun, and dropped it on the floor. He looked at the bak-er in a sur-prised, of-fend-ed way, and then marched out, stif-fly as you please.

"Ah!" said he to him-self, as he slow-ly went home, "Ah! we will see a-bout this, Mr. Bak-er! You would not dare to treat a lit-tle boy so, who could talk and go home and tell—but you will find that a dog can think if he can-



MAC IS DIS-GUST-ED.

not talk—yes, think, and *act too*. I will teach you some-thing you ought to know, Mr. Baker!"

(To be continued.)



*Mother.* — "COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN, MY CHILDREN!"



Slate Picture for Ba-by to Draw.



# BABYLAND.

VOL. III.

AUGUST, 1879.

No. 8.



OUR WATCH-MAN.

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## OUR WATCH-MAN.

KEEP your po-lice do-ing du-ty  
 Out in the street and the crowd,  
 Here's our po-lice-man—the beau-ty!  
 Brave as a li-on and proud;  
 Day-time or night-time, no mat-ter,  
 There he sits, still as a mouse;  
 But the thief would be mad as a hat-ter  
 Who thinks he could en-ter this house.

Strong? Why, a gi-ant might fear him—  
 If he needs to be strong, un-der-stand,—  
 But let lit-tle Har-ry come near him,  
 And see how he kiss-es his hand;  
 Gen-tle and lov-ing and cheer-y,  
 Kind in his strength, too, and mild,—  
 That's what we love, my own dear-ie,  
 Be it in dog or in child!

---

## HICK-O-RY, DICK-O-RY, DOCK!

LIT-TLE Mar-ger-y Daw,  
 who us-u-al-ly sang “see-saw”  
 when she sat in her rock-ing-  
 chair, one day took it in-to  
 her cur-ly head to sing a new  
 song. “Hick-o-ry, Dick-o-ry,  
 Dock,” she sang as she rocked  
 to and fro:

“Hick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock!  
 The mice ran up the clock!”

She sang it o-ver and o-ver,  
 un-til, all at once, Puss, who  
 lay doz-ing on the win-dow-  
 sill, found her-self purr-ing it  
 too:

"Hick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock!  
The mice ran up the clock!"

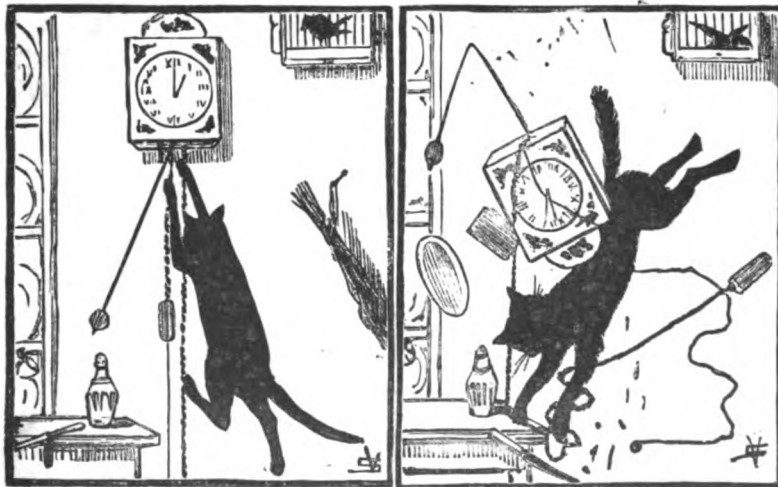
Well, the next thing Puss knew she was rubbing her velvet paws in her eyes, and wak-ing up from a nap, and Mar-ger-y gone, and noth-ing stir-ring in the room but the rest-less sun-beams and the tick-ing clock. She jumped down and walked a-round the table, and mewed, and felt ver-y hun-gry. But there was noth-ing on the ta-ble but the vin-e-gar cru-et and a knife, and so she sat down and wait-ed. She was still rath-er

sleep-y, and Mar-ger-y's song be-gan to hum it-self in her ears.

"The mice—the mice—  
mice—the clock—the clock  
—clock!"

All at once she sat up straight and rubbed her eyes. "Yes, they did!" she said, "they ran up the clock! I'll have 'em! I'll have 'em for my dinner! I'll run up the clock my-self!"

She sprang light-ly on one of the long weights, and—well, look at the pict-ure, my dears, and you can see just what hap-pened:



WHAT HAP-PENED.

# THE HOUSE THAT MAM-MA BUILT.

BY MARY LOCK-WOOD.

THERE was a wee mai-  
 (A prec-ious one, too),  
 "Who had so ma-ny chil-dren  
 She did-n't know what to do."  
 I don't mean real live ones,  
 Whose lips will give smacks,  
 But chil-dren of chi-na,  
 Of rub-ber, or wax.

They made so much trou-ble,  
 To mam-ma she went:



IN TROUBLE.

"My fam-i-ly's so s'pen-sive  
 I can't pay the rent;

An' they have-n't got an'-thin'  
 To eat, but some bread;  
 I've a good mind to whip 'em,  
 An' put 'em to bed!"

Said mam-ma, "Wait a lit-tle,  
 I'll give them some food;  
 And a house I will build, too,  
 For your lit-tle brood."  
 So she got shears and paste-  
 board,  
 And cut a big shoe,  
 And cov-ered it o-ver  
 With cloth black and new.

For Miss Dol-lie Dink-um  
 She made a nice cap,  
 And in the shoe placed her,  
 And put in her lap  
 The pet of the house-hold,  
 The sweet Ro-sa May,  
 And stood up be-side them  
 E-van-ge-line Ray.

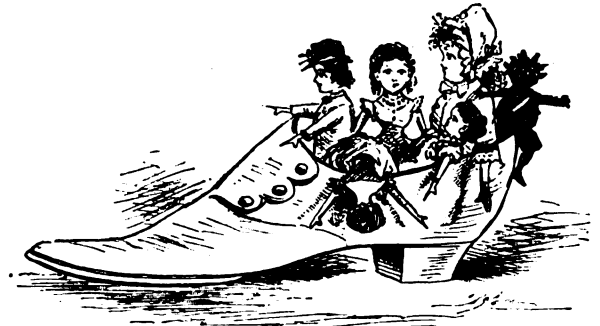


Fine So-phe-lia So-phi-a  
 Kept still as a mouse;  
 But poor luck-less Nan-cy  
 Fell out of the house.  
 Her one col-ored off-spring  
 (His name Sam-bo Jack),  
 For fear of a quar-rel,  
 Was placed at Doll's back.

When the house was fin-ished,  
 And the fam-'ly moved in,  
 And ev-er-y-thing set-tled  
 As nice as a pin,

The wee mai-den said "Love-ly!

Can't a pict-ure be tooked?"  
 Then mam-ma got a pen-cil,  
 And here's how it looked:



THE HOUSE THAT MAM-MA BUILT.

MAS-TER RALPH, la-dies  
 and gen-tle-men! Mas-ter



Ralph, in his ul-ster!

I do not real-ly think that

Mas-ter Ralph sleeps in his  
 great-coat, but in the day-  
 time, morn-ing, noon and  
 night, rain or shine, hot or  
 cold, he may be found some-  
 where in-side his be-loved  
 ul-ster.

No oth-er new gar-ment  
 ev-er made its own-er half so  
 hap-py — the tas-sel is the part,  
 I think, that makes Ralph hap-  
 pi-est.

Nev-er mind who laughs,  
 Ralph! none of the big folks  
 are half so hap-py as you!

# MAC AND HIS DO-INGS.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHN-SON.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next day Mac's master gave him a new pen-ny, bright as gold. Mac took it, and, with a fun-ny lit-tle twist of his mouth, trot-ted off to the bak-er-y.

He had to wait, there were so ma-ny folks in the shop buy-ing hot rolls for break-fast; but he stood ver-y pa-tient-ly, be-ing quite sure of what he was a-bout to do.



SUSIE IS AFRAID

A lady and a lit-tle girl stood by the coun-t-er. The lit-tle girl was a-fraid, and hid be-hind her moth-er's dress, peep-ing tim-id-ly out at Mac.

"Be quiet, Susie; the dog won't hurt you," said her mam-ma.

"That dog?" said the ba-ker; "O, no! he nev-er hurts lit-tle girls. His name is Mac. He is a good dog. See him now. Mac! here! come!"

But Mac stood still, and qui-et-ly looked at the man.

"He comes ev-er-y day," said the ba-ker, "and buys a bun; I'll show you how he does it. Here, Mac, good fel-low, give me the pen-ny. Here's your bun."

Then Mac stepped back. "Not so fast, sir!" growled he. "You tried to cheat me yes-ter-day, and I'm not go-ing to deal with you a-ny more. How would you like it, sir, if *you* were a dog, and your mas-ter gave you a pen-ny, and

you had to car-ry it in your mouth all the way, and be so care-ful not to lose it, and then the ba-ker—just think of it!—of-fered you a burned bun! What, I re-peat, would you think of it?"

And then Mac turned round, and brushed by ev-er-y-bod-y, and trot-ted off, right across the street to an-oth-er shop.

He went in and wait-ed qui-et-ly till the ba-ker no-ticed him. Then he laid his pen-ny down on the count-er, looked in-tel-li-gent-ly in-to the man's face, and then ver-y mean-ing-ly in-deed at a tray of fresh buns, wagged his tail good-na-tured-ly; and when he saw that the man un-der-stood he stepped back brisk-ly

and barked:

"I have come to buy a bun, and there's the money to pay for it."

The man under-stood.

He smiled and gave him a bun. Such a nice one! It was large, and browned just right, not burned a bit. It had white su-gar on top, and cur-rants and rai-sins peep-ing out. Mac knew that was a splen-did bun! He knew just what to do with that bun.

He was delighted with the new ba-ker, and al-ways went to him af-ter-wards for his buns. He paid a fair price, and meant to go where he could be sure of fair deal-ing. And he nev-er af-ter-ward, when meet-ing him in the street, rec-og-nized the trades-man he had so just-ly dis-card-ed.



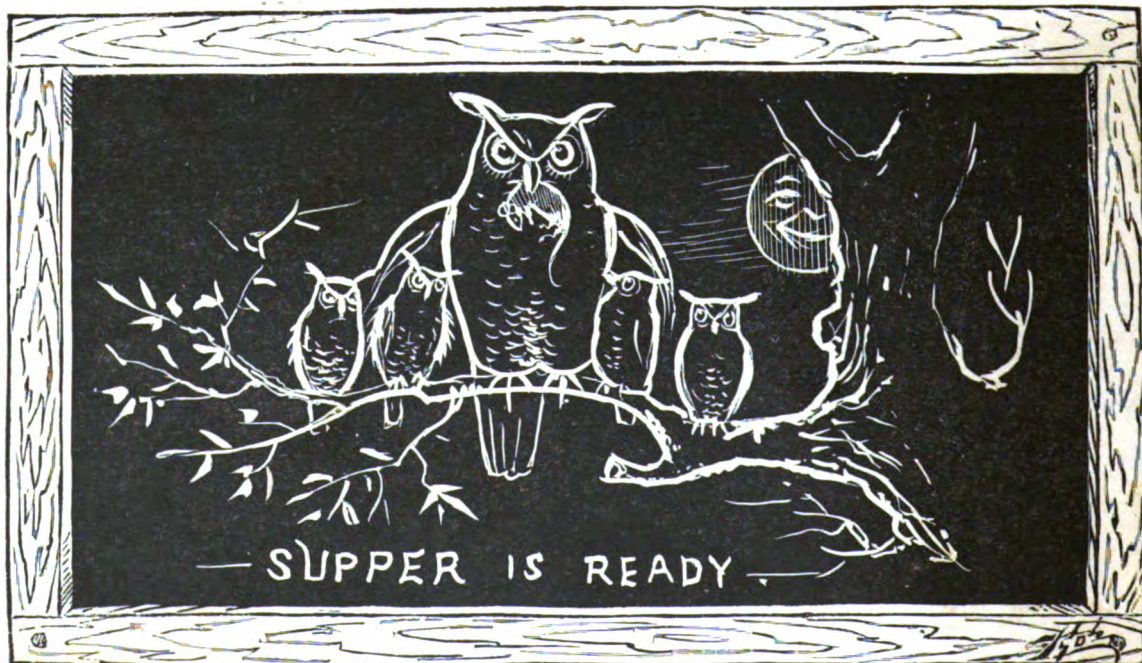
MAC IS DELIGHTED WITH THE NEW BAKER.



MAC TROTS OFF.



A WILD RE-TREAT.



Slate Pict-ure for Ba-by to Draw.



# BABYLAND

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

NO. 9.



WIL-LY WASH-ES KIT-TY'S FACE.

# HOW WIL-LY GAVE HIS KIT-TY A CLEAN FACE.

—  
BY AUNT-IE NELL.  
—

I know the sweet-est ba-by-boy that ev-er lived! Yes, we *all* know him, on-ly we all have dif-fer-ent names for him. Wil-ly Mc-Tag-gart *I* call him — “Will-tag-gy” he calls him-self; and he lives in South Boston.

Wil-ly and I were vis-it-ing his mam-ma in her own room one day, when we heard a faint tap at the door, like a fair-y rap. “See who’s there, Wil-ly,” says mam-ma.

Wil-ly ran to the door and o-pened it, stand-ing on his tip-toes to reach the knob. He threw up both plump lit-tle hands. “How-de-oo!” he says. “Tum wite in!”

In walked the fun-ni-est lit-tle kit-ten you *ev-er* saw. Round

and soft and of a bright yellow, with white paws and tail and breast, its two fun-ny pricked-up ears pierced and hung with pink and blue ribbons just the col-or of its soft lit-tle nose and twink-ly eyes.

“O, my good gwa-cious!” says Wil-ly, and the kit-ten arched her back and rubbed a-against his legs.

Mam-ma and I looked on in as-ton-ish-ment. Where the kit-ty came from no-bod-y knows; and *I* think the fair-ies must have brought her straight from fair-y-land for Wil-ly, and left her, with that gen-tle tap, at the door.

“Milk!” de-mands Wil-ly. “Mam-ma — kit-ty — milk!”

(He nev-er us-es more words than he needs.)

So mam-ma fetched some milk, and kit-ty soon showed us that what-ev-er land she came from there must have been cows there; for no kit-ty could drink milk as she drank that un-less she was used to it.

While she was eat-ing Wil-ly ran and brought a damp cloth that hung on the tow-el-rack, and sat down on the floor be-side her, cross-legged, his fat hands on his plump lit-tle knees, his gold-en head bent o-ver, and his eyes look-ing straight in-to kit-ty's face. He did not move nor stir till she had fin-ished her milk, but then he caught her up sud-den-ly, and rubbed her mouth and her del-i-cate pink nose with his

cloth, just as mam-ma bathes his face af-ter he has had his milk; and kit-ty kicked and squirmed and tried to get a-way, just as Wil-ly does, some-times.

I don't sup-pose kit-ty had ev-er had a-ny-one but her own mam-ma wash her face be-fore, and she was *so* sur-prised! We laughed so loud at the fun-ny sight that Wil-ly stopped to laugh with us, and kit-ty ran a-way and got un-der the bed, where, *per-haps*, she laughed, too.

Wil-ly has had his kit-ty three weeks now, and she doesn't seem to like hav-ing her face washed a-ny bet-ter than at first.

"Ver-y sin-g'-lar!" says Wil-ly.



WHAT IS IT?

## A LIT-TLE BOY'S LA-MENT.



WHEN I be-gin to think some-times  
Of all we have to do now,  
In books and les-sons, prose and rhymes,  
I get so mad! Don't you, now?  
I wish I'd lived when things went slow;  
Why, dear me! I would rath-er  
Be born just seven-ty years a-go,  
And be my own grand-fa-ther!

---

## AN-OTH-ER LIT-TLE BOY'S LA-MENT.

THERE is-n't a-ny boo-'ful grass  
In these hot, ston-y streets;  
There are no sing-ing birds, or bees,  
Or ros-es full of sweets;

There's not a dai-sy, not a one!  
You know — those star-like things  
On which the but-ter-flies sit down  
To rest their legs and wings;

And, worse than all, there's not a speck  
Of a-ny place to dig!  
I'll nev-er live in such a place,  
I'm sure, when I am big.



I wish you'd send me by the cars  
Straight back to Grand-pa Gray;  
There's so much room upon his farm  
For me to run and play.



"NO PLACE TO DIG."

There I could dig, and dig, and dig,  
And wouldn't start you so  
By jump-ing in the house. Oh do,  
Dear mam-ma, let me go!

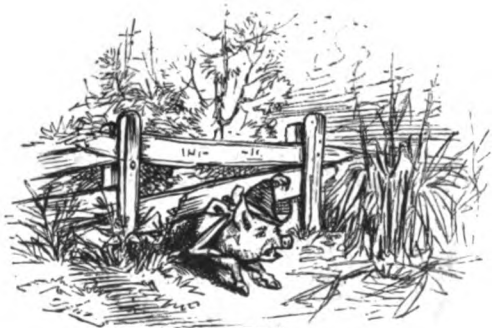
For I had *lief-ser* be a cat  
Like Thomas, or a pig,  
Than be a little boy, and have  
No place where I can dig.

# PIG - G Y - W I G - G Y .

BY MRS. M. O. JOHN-SON.

## CHAPTER I.

PIG-GY-WIG-GY was where he had no bu-si-ness to be, in a neigh-bor's corn-field. His



PIG-GY-WIG-GY CRIES "Wee! wee!"

lit-tle pink-ish eyes had spied a loose board in one corner of his pen, and forth-with he went to work with his lit-tle black hoofs and sau-cy snout, to root up the earth un-der it, and make a hole large e-nough for him to get out.

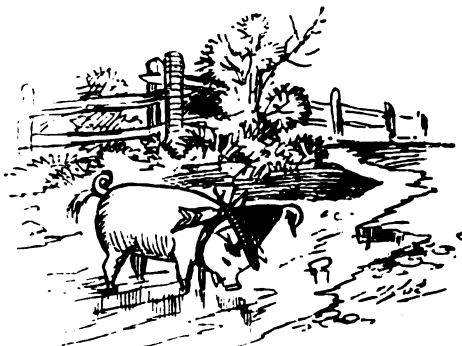
Scratch, scratch, scratch!

He threw the dirt all o-ver him, and stuck fast half way, when he tried to creep through.

"Wee, wee, wee!" he cried pit-e-ous-ly, but no-bod-y heard.

He pushed and scratched a-while lon-ger, and man-aged to get out, though he pinched his plump sides a good deal more than he liked, and cried, "Wee, wee," a great ma-ny times.

But once out, it was "Hurra, boys!" He scam-pered a-cross the or-chard, stop-ping now



PIG-GY-WIG-GY IS THIRSTY.

and then to pick up an ap-ple. He trot-ted down the lane, and

drank the clear, cold water from the pretty brook that danced and rippled in the sunshine. He heard the birds sing, but he didn't care much about them. There were wild roses and butter-cups in the lane, but he didn't care for flowers. He looked around to see where he should go next.

There was Farmer Burton's corn-field close by, and he could see the long green stalks waving with their silk-en tassels. There was only a rail fence between him and the golden corn he liked so much.

He crowded himself under the bars pretty quick, and there he was, in the midst of such a feast!

How he did eat, and eat, and eat! till he was so full he could hardly move, and, worse still, he had trampled down the stalks, and rooted up the ground, making great holes in every direction.

"Hi, Tom!" shouted Sam Burton, "there's a pig in the

corn. Let's drive him out!"

Ea-sy to say, but hard to do.

Pig-gy-wig-gy pricked up his ears, grunted, "No, you don't!" and set off at full run.

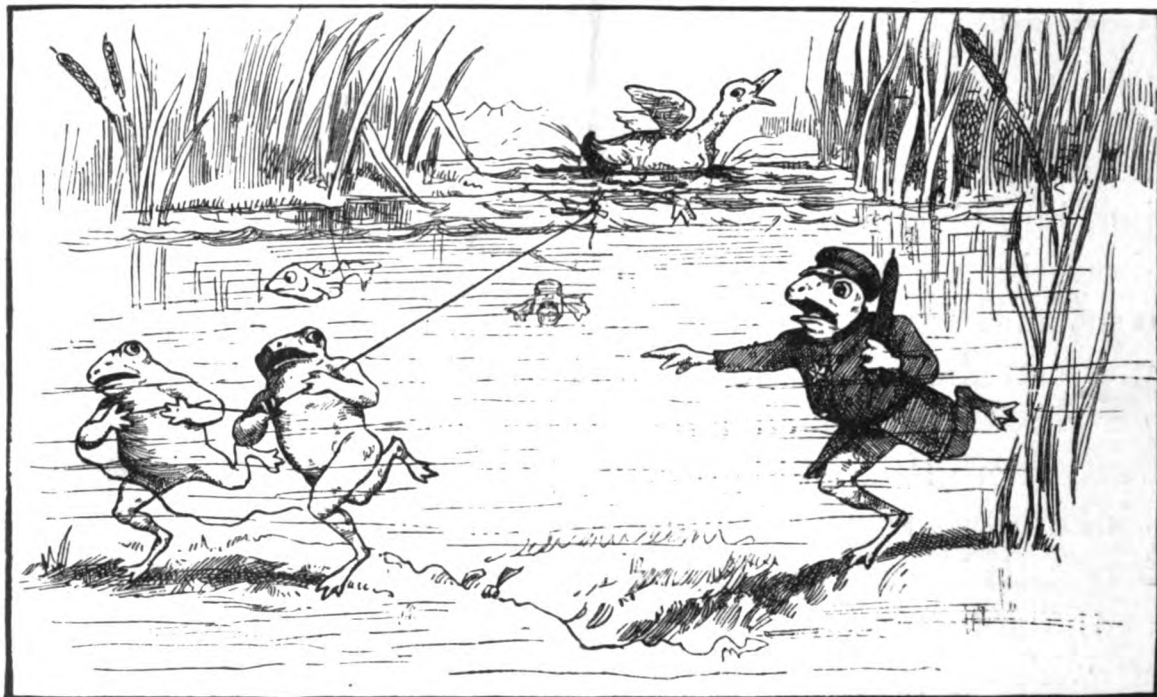
The boys chased him till they were tired, but Pig-gy-wig-gy wouldn't be caught. He ran here and there, dodged between the boys and behind them, and tripped up Tom just



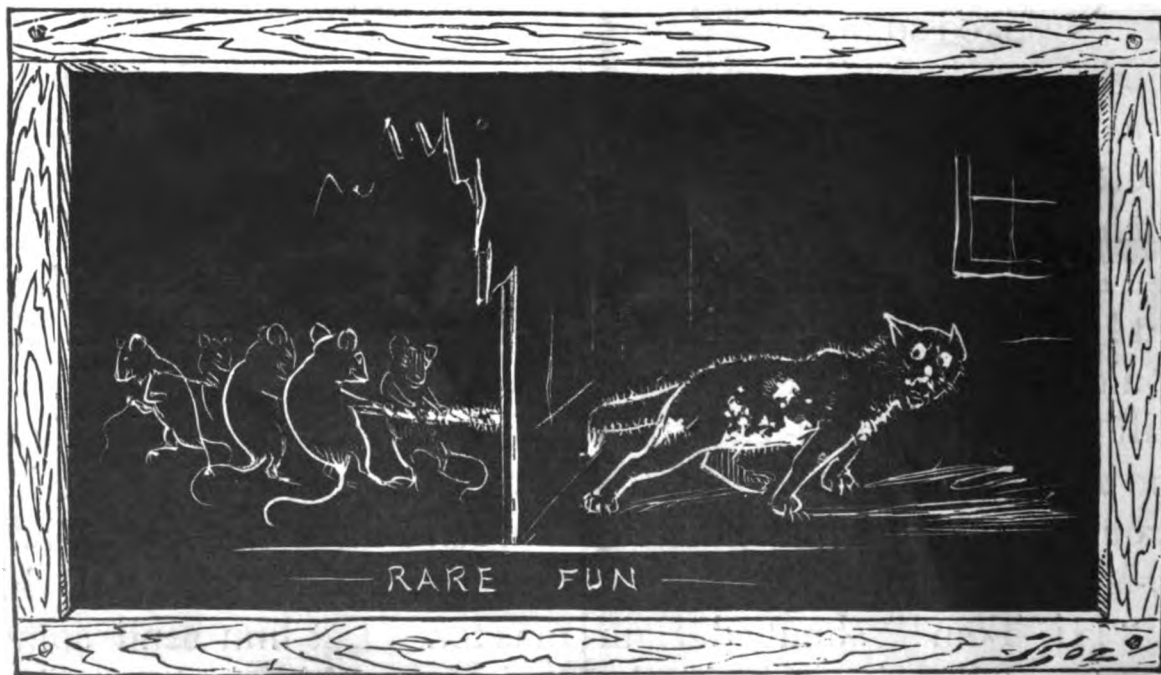
PIG-GY-WIG-GY DISPOSES OF TOM.

on the edge of a little hill, so that he rolled down into the brook.

"I say, Sam," said Tom, crawling out, and shaking himself like a big dog, "let's give up, and go and tell his master. Let him send somebody to get his pig home!"



TWO ILL-BEHAVED YOUNG FEL-LOWS.



Slate Pict-ure for Ba-by to Draw.



# BABYLAND.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1879.

NO. 10.



BOB-BY SHAF-TO.

# BOB-BY SHAF-TO.

BY M. E. B.

CAP up-on his curl-ing crown,  
 Trying on his pa-pa's frown,  
 Cun-ning Bob-by Shaf-to!  
 Boots up-on his ti-ny toes,  
 Glass-es on his lit-tle nose,  
 Fun-ny Bob-by Shaf-to!  
 And a meer-schaum in his hand!  
 Doesn't he look gay and grand?  
 Jol-ly Bob-by Shaf-to!

# FAN-NY.

"WHERE'S my blank-et?" said Fan-ny, as she stood in her sta-ble, munch-ing a wisp of hay, after her sup-per of warm meal. It was grow-ing dark, and she be-gan to feel drow-sy.

She turned her head this side and that. She looked down on the floor of her stall, and in the man-ger.

"What can Tom have done with it? A pret-ty i-de-a, I de-clare, to leave me all night with-out it! They call it spring. To be sure the nights are not the cold-est, but it's chil-ly enough yet, and I want my blank-et. I won-der if he thought I didn't need it a-ny lon-ger. Won-der how he'd like to have the blank-et left

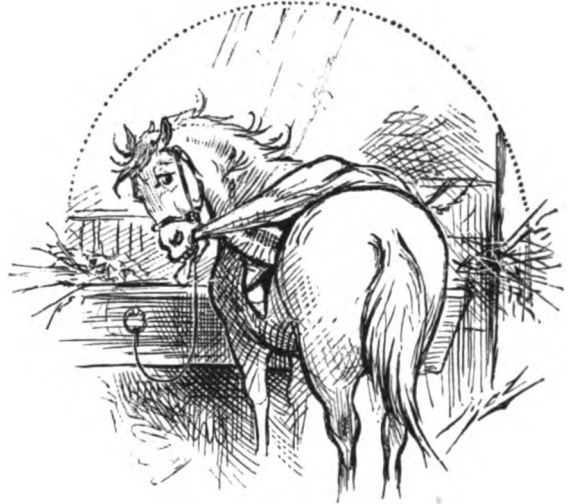
off his bed! Heigh-ho! I'll find that blank-et yet if it's in the sta-ble! Ah! there it is!"

The stall was only board-ed up on one side as high as Fan-ny's shoul-der. The blank-et lay a-cross this fence. Fan-ny found it, but how put it on?

The lit-tle horse felt cold, and did not like it. It was too ear-ly to leave off her blank-et.

She turned her head as far as she could, took the blank-et in her mouth, and threw it on her back, just as it was. She could not spread it out, and it was not much for her com-fort to have it in a roll on her back. But next morn-ing her mas-ter

found it so when he came to feed her. She had told him



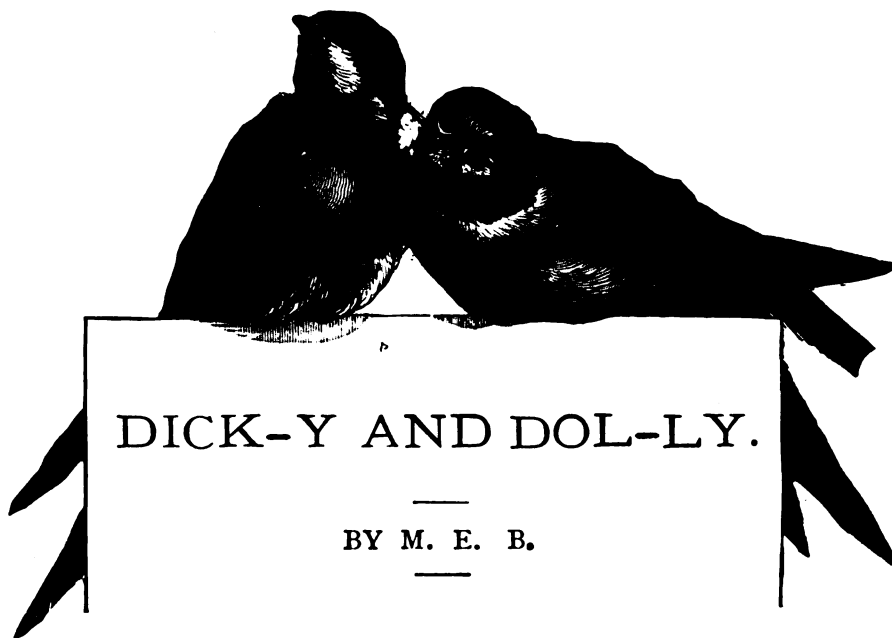
FAN-NY DOES THE BEST SHE CAN.

by her ac-tions, as she could not in words, that she was cold and need-ed her blank-et.

He thought she was a wise lit-tle horse. Don't you?



AFTER THE "GOOD-NIGHTS" ARE SAID.



Dick-y and Dol-ly are two pret-ty birds,  
Sing-ing all day in their songs with-out words;  
Fly-ing a-bout in the sun and the breeze,  
Ris-ing and fall-ing like leaves on the trees.

Dick-y and Dol-ly know noth-ing of care,  
They are as free as their neigh-bor, the air;  
Swing-ing on tree-top, or sway-ing on corn,  
Mer-ri-est rat-tle-pates ev-er were born!

Dick-y and Dol-ly, the jol-ly and bold,  
What will you do when the win-ter's a-cold?  
"Do?" says brave Dick, with a worm in his mouth,  
"Do! Why, you goose, we will leave and go south!"



## HOW TOM-MY LEARNED HIS LETTERS.

TOM-MY TUCK-ER—not the Tom-my Tuck-er who sang for his supper in Moth-er Goose, but a brown-haired, brown-eyed, stur-dy lit-tle fel-low I know—is a real lit-tle Indian; at least, he'd much rath-er go a-hunt-ing down the mead-ow with his bow and ar-rows than learn his let-ters.

Why, the on-ly one of the twen-ty-six he knew was big round O—and that I taught him by paint-ing it on a board and set-ting it up as a tar-get for him to shoot at with his bow and ar-rows.

But Tom-my's pa-pa is an art-ist, and he took a hint from my tar-get, and drew a large pict-ure of 'Tom-my Tuck-er com-ing out of a black dark-ness, all a-smil-ing, and car-ry-ing a big cap-i-tal A, big-ger than him-self—and off be-hind him was Cous-in Tot, bring-ing



a B—and still far-ther wool-y head-ed Top-sey bring-ing a C.

All this was so fun-ny that Tom-my Tuck-er learned the three let-ters in five min-utes.

And now his pa-pa is at work on more pict-ures with the oth-er let-ters—and I've no doubt but by the time the next BA-BY-LAND comes Tom-my will know the whole al-pha-bet—per-haps be be-gin-ning to read.

# PIG - G Y - W I G - G Y .

BY MRS. M. O. JOHN-SON.

## CHAPTER II.

Sam a-greed, and they went to Judge Gray, who owned Pig-gy-wig-gy.

Judge Gray put on his hat, took his gold-head-ed cane, and came for his pig him-self.

He was a fat man, and could-n't run; and how in the world he meant to get Pig-gy-wig-gy out, the boys could-n't guess.

The judge nev-er tried to drive Pig-gy-wig-gy a step. He on-ly walked up to the fence, and called:

"Pig, pig, pig!"

But Pig-gy-wig-gy knew it was the voice of his mas-ter, and a very kind mas-ter he was. He was kind to his horse and cows, to his dog and cat, his hens and pigs. They all came at his call, and would eat from

his hand. He of-ten gave Pig-gy-wig-gy ap-ples, or po-ta-toes, or an ear of corn, and rubbed his back with a cob, which Pig-gy-wig-gy liked ver-y much.

So, when Pig-gy-wig-gy heard his mas-ter's call, at first he thought he would hide; but then he pricked up his ears,



THE JUDGE HAS WINNING WAYS.

turned his pink eyes, grunt-ed, "Here, here!" and am-bled up to him, with his fat sides shak-ing like jel-ly.

The judge pat-ted his head, then start-ed for home.

Pig-gy-wig-gy went too, keep-ing close be-hind his mas-ter, and so they walked up the

street and through the vil-lage.

The old la-dies looked o-ver their glass-es and laughed to see Pig-gy-wig-gy wad-dling a-long, ev-er-y now and then



A VEE-Y IN-TER-EST-ING WALK.

put-ting his nose down close to his mas-ter's boot.

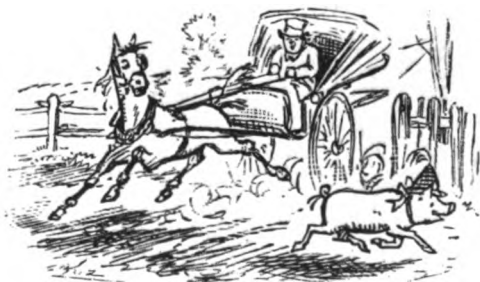
Mr. Glen's great watch-dog, Tow-ser, barked "How d'ye do?" from the door-step.

Mrs. West's Scotch ter-rier, Shag, rushed down the gar-den walk, and trot-ted a lit-tle way so-ci-a-bly by Pig-gy-wig-gy's side.

Miss Turn-er's cat, Bet-sey,

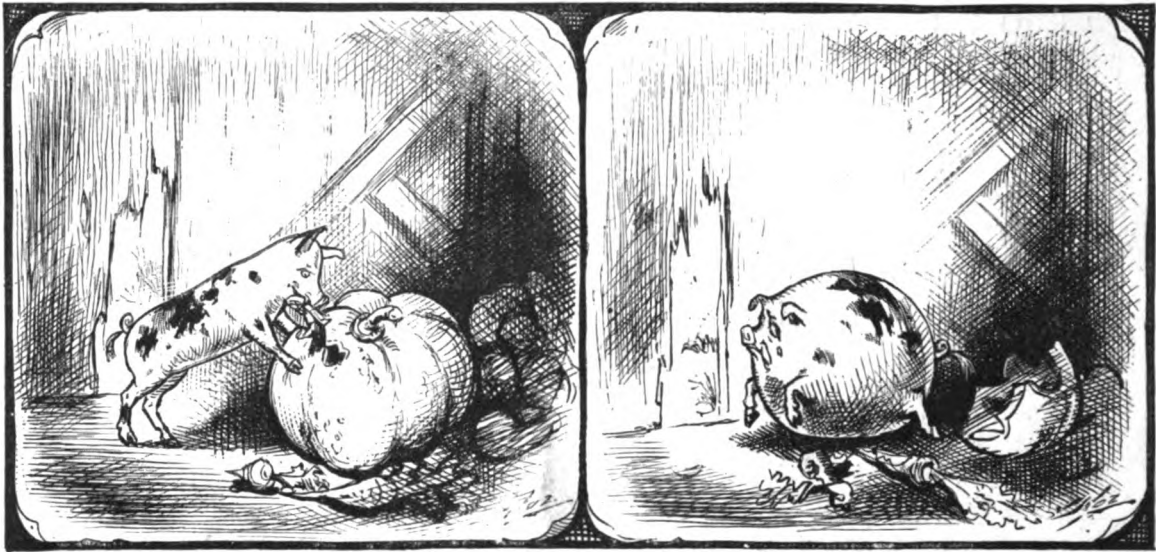
arched her back and brist-led her tail, and scam-pered up a tree, where she sat perched on a bough, look-ing at him, and won-der-ing wheth-er he would eat her if he caught her. The doc-tor's young horse, com-ing fast a-round the cor-ner, shied at him. The hens scut-tled a-cross the road, cack-ling; and a great white roos-ter flew up on the fence, and screamed, "Here's a pret-ty how d'ye do!"

But naught cared Pig-gy-



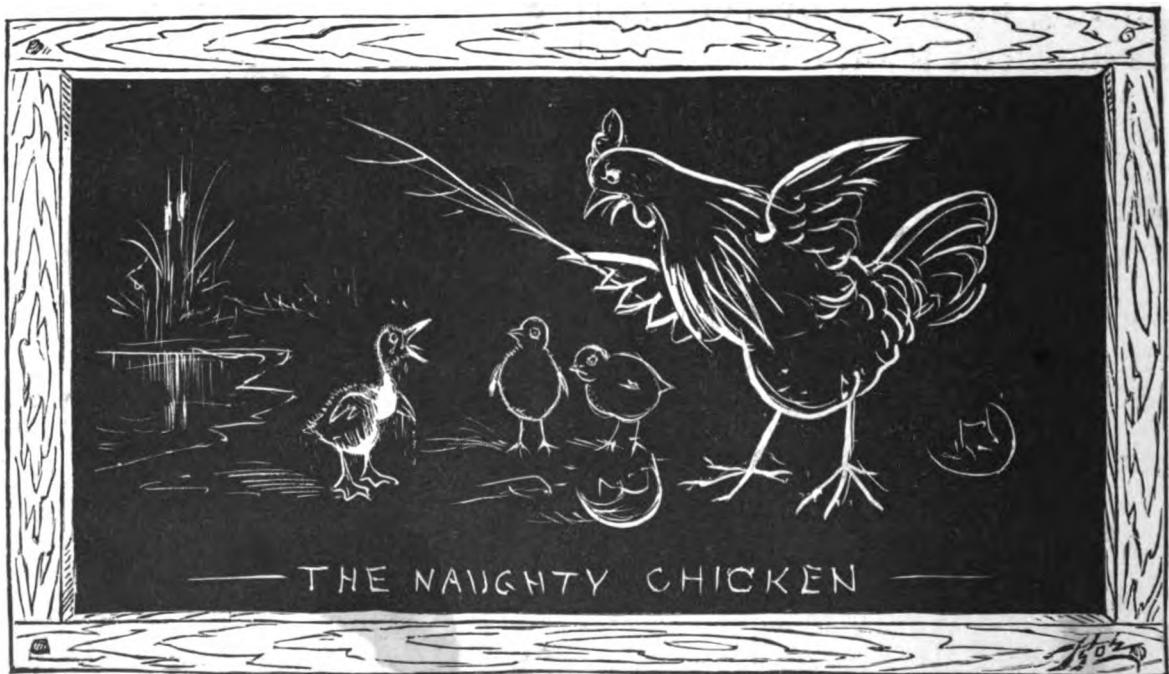
PIG-GY-WIG-GY CAUS-ES GREAT EX-CITE-MENT.

wig-gy; and he was soon snug in his pen, which was mend-ed forth-with, and — that's all.



PIG-GY GETS IN —

BUT CAN'T GET OUT.



Slate Picture for Ba-by to Draw.



# BABYLAND.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

NO. 11.



BABY'S SER-MON.

## BA-BY'S SER-MON.

NAUGH-TY bruv-ver an' sis-ser! 'Top! Ba-by wants to speak to 'oo. Be dood! Love one a-nuv-ver! 'Oo is a naugh-ty dirl tò 'natch 'oo bruv-ver's ball! div' it up to 'oo bruv-ver! An' 'oo, bruv-ver, do an' tiss 'oo sis-ser an' be for-dived! An' den bofe wun to mam-ma an' be for-dived and tised. An' den Ba-by will let 'oo p'ease take her out in de dar-den. Ba-by loves dood bruv-vers an' sis-sers.

Now wun a-yong, bofe of 'oo, an' det for-dived!

## MAS-TER SWEET-TOOTH.



WHAT you going to give a fel-low for Thanks-giv-ing din-ner, please, good Mrs. Cook?

And would-n't you like some help, good Mrs. Cook? Here's the lad, you know, that can stone rai-sins or stir mince-meat as long as you like, and a master-hand, besides, at tast-ing cake and trying the pump-kin pies. Ah, the kitch-en is a ver-y in-ter-est-ing place a-bout Thanks-giv-ing time, don't you think so?

What! I'm in the way? Well, then, a part-ing word a-bout the gra-vy — *make a plen-ty!*

## A QUEER SLED.



Ho, ho!

See me go!

I and my sled

Will sure be a-head

At the foot of the hill,

Let the oth-er boy be who-ev-er he will!

I don't care for store sleds, while I can afford

My own in-de-pend-ent and smooth-go-ing piece of a board.

HAT are you  
toot-ing  
for?I'm toot-  
ing for  
snow.And what do you want of  
it?

Why, don't you know?

Here's a toot for a snow-ball,  
And a toot for a slide,  
Two toots for a snow-man,  
And a long sleigh-ride.

Toot, toot for the skates!

Toot for the ice!

Toot, toot, for old win-ter

And every-thing nice.

## DOL-LY DIM-PLE'S ONE FAULT.

DOLLY DIM-PLE had just one fault but that one was like a “nest of bā-s-kets” — it held sev-er-al oth-ers in-side it. This “one fault” was — *wish-ing to do ex-act-ly as she chose!*

Well, this “one fault” — why, it took Dol-ly's fat fin-gers in-to the for-bid-den su-gar-buck-et, which was “theft”; and it led Dol-ly's fat legs in a run-a-way race when mam-ma's step was heard at the door — which was “cow-ard-ice”; and it led Dol-ly's ro-sy lips in-to a ver-y naugh-ty, fal-ter-ing “No, mam-ma,” when mam-ma asked if it was



she who left the buck-et cov-er a-jar, which was “de-ceil.”

But one day Dol-ly was pun-ished for it all. She was such a fat lit-tle ro-ly-po-ly that she was al-ways get-ting a fall, and mam-ma had for-bid-den her to swing when nurse could not at-tend her. But

one day Dol-ly went all by her-self and climbed in. She sat still for some time, but at last she kicked out both lit-tle feet and went fly-ing up in the air, and lost her bal-ance and fell out, and her dress caught in the seat, and thus she hung by one poor



strug-gling foot, her head down on the ground, and there she had to stay and cry a long time be-fore nurse heard her and came to re-lease her.

Poor Dol-ly, with her "one fault." I don't suppose she is cured yet — she will, I dare say, need ma-ny, ma-ny such les-sons.

## THE WONDERFUL GINGERBREAD MAN.

BY C. S. P.

### CHAPTER I.

"DOOD-NESS!"

The word popped out of Carl's mouth like a wad from his pop-gun.

No won-der!

He sat on the back pi-az-za, un-der the o-pen pan-try win-dow, a-play with his gin-ger-bread horse-man.

Mam-ma had got-ten it from the gin-ger-bread jar but five min-utes be-fore; there seemed noth-ing strange a-bout it then — noth-ing at all — why, Carl had pro-posed to eat the gin-ger-bread man, horse and all,

five min-utes la-ter — but now, *ah, now!*

Carl sprang to his feet with



CARL PROPOSES TO LUNCH.

the big-gest blue eyes a boy ev-er had, and the "dood-

ness-es" pop-ping out between the quick breaths—for *his Ginger-bread Man had come to life!*

Carl was sure of that, for the Man had winked his plum eyes and chir-ruped gaily to his steed; and the horse had neighed and whisked its tail, and now stood champ-ing its bits and paw-ing the pi-az-za floor.

Sud-den-ly the Gin-ger-bread Man blew a wild blast out of



COME TO LIFE!

his bu-gle, and dashed a-cross the pi-az-za to the lawn; and then, all at once, it oc-curred to Carl that such a horse-man as that ought nev-er to es-cape—that he must be cap-tured. He must be-long to an en-tire-ly new race of men, and doubt-less Bar-num, whose "*I am*

*com-ing!*" was post-ed all o-ver town, would give as fab-u-lous a sum for him as for the big gi-ant or lit-tle Tom Thumb—and then Carl would buy—well, just what he did-n't de-cide, for it ev-i-dent-ly oc-curred to the G. Man, at the same mo-ment, that he ought to be off too.

And the queer chase be-gan, the Gin-ger-bread Man blow-ing wild-er blasts out of his bu-gle, Carl rush-ing af-ter, down the lawn, in-to the or-chard, grow-ing more ex-cited at ev-er-y bound, his cries as wild as the bu-gle's, and fall-ing in-to a sort of gal-lop-ing rhyme:

"Whoa, Gin-ger!

Hi, Gin-ger!

Whoa, Gin-ger!

*Ho!"*

Back past the big oak, on to the sta-ble, swept horse-man and boy. Of a sud-den Carl found he was gain-ing; and then he no-ticed the trail was

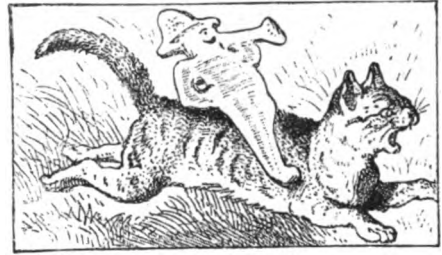
strewn with gin-ger-bread crumbs!

His heart beat very fast at this, for he knew the horse's legs were crumb-ling-a-way, and that cap-ture was now sure.

As they reached the sta-ble, the poor horse, that had been stumbling along on his stumps of legs, gave out ut-ter-ly.

Carl sprang for-ward to seize the G. Man, when, whiz! out of the o-pen door, past his ver-y eyes, flashed Fiz, the cat.

How it was done Carl never knew, but in a wink the won-der-ful G. Man had kicked



THE G. MAN TAKES A FRESH HORSE.

free, was a-stride Fiz, and dash-ing off down the drive.

Fiz went like wild, heels high, and tail as big as four.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



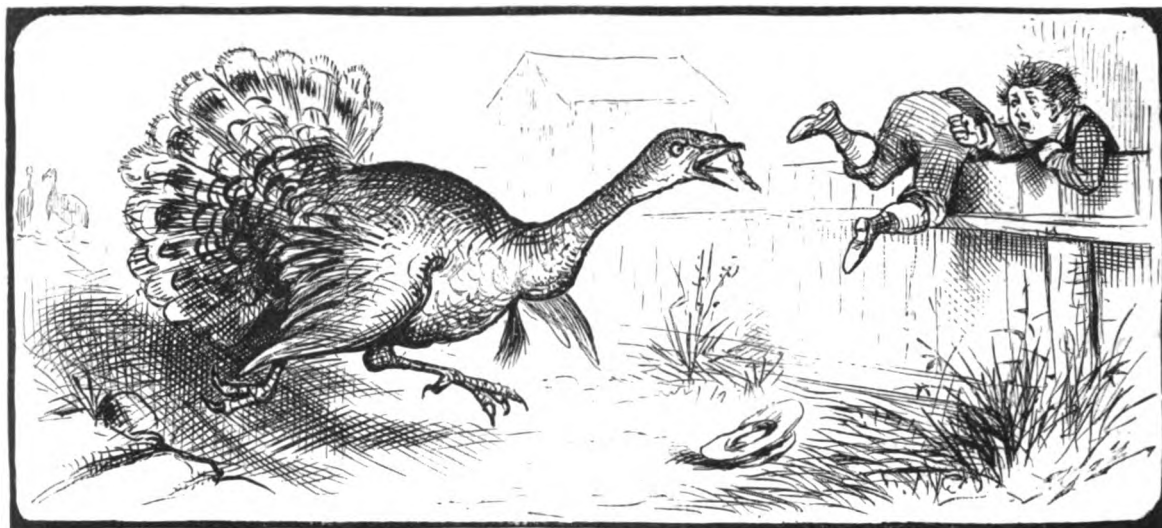
Nod! nod! nod!

Where is the ba-by's head?  
Up and down, like a lit-tle  
ball—

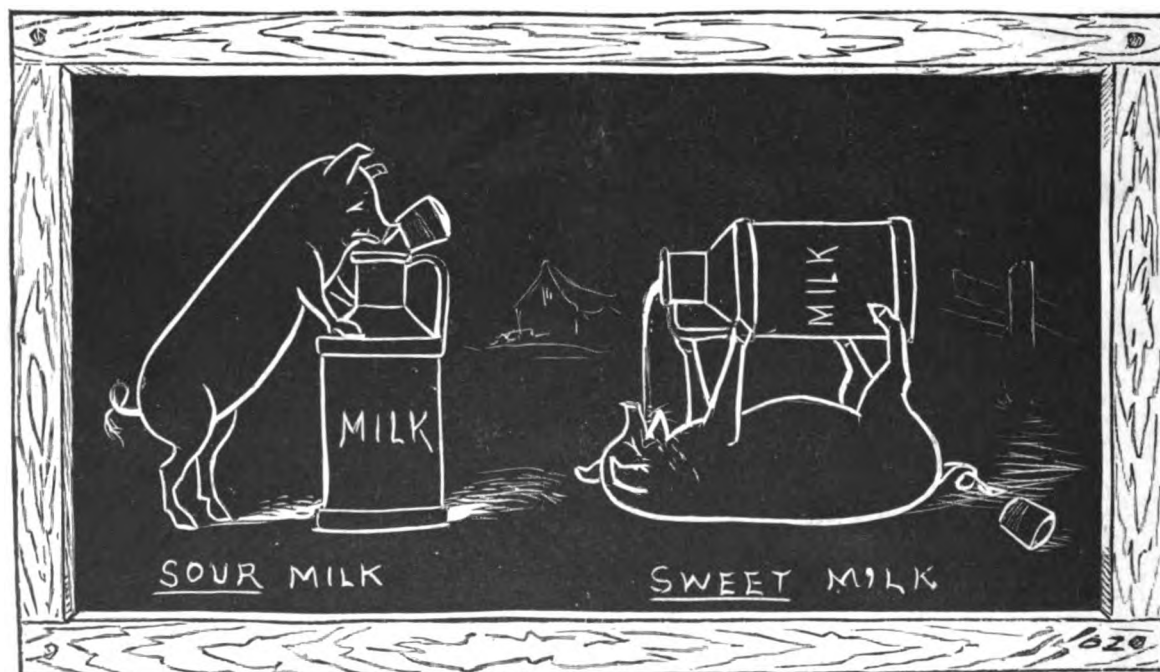
He must be put to bed!  
All day long he's sung and  
pranced,  
Up and down he's had to be  
danced!

“ Hil-ly, nil-ly,  
Jack-y down dil-ly !”

This is our ba-by, and is-n't he fun-ny!  
He's nic-er than sug-ar, and sweet-er than hon-ey!



"YOU JUST WAIT TILL THANKS-GIV-ING, SIR!"



Slate Pict-ure for Ba-by to Draw.



# BABYLAND.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 12.



AR-THUR.

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## A R - T H U R.

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BY M. E. B.

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Do you see this boy in the sai-lor hat,  
Who looks so jol-ly and gay and fat,  
With a lit-tle pug nose, and two bright, brown eyes,  
And ten bus-y fin-gers to make mud pies?  
Well, the whole of this song is a-bout his pranks,  
His say-ings and do-ings, his quips and cranks,  
The games that he played, and the works that he did,  
Who pet-ted and kissed him, who scold-ed and chid ;  
The things he made up, and the thing he knocked down,  
Out-doors and in-doors, in coun-try and town,  
The dreams that he dreamed in his sleep-ing at night,  
The mis-chief he did while the sun-shine was bright,  
The rows he kicked up, and the tan-trums he had,  
The good that was in him, as well as the bad,  
His tops and his mar-bles, his kite and his ball —  
This is the song that will speak of them all!  
How he teased his small sis-ter, and both-ered the cat,  
Tore holes in his trous-ers, and smashed up his hat,  
Got sick from much can-dy, got well with much pain,  
And then was all read-y to get sick a-gain —  
I hope you will like him, the dear lit-tle elf,  
For I know in my heart that I love him myself !

## TWO LIT-TLE BOYS AND THEIR DOGS.

TOM and Char-lie were each four years old. Tom lived on the south side of the street, and Char-lie op-po-site.

The two lit-tle boys had been



"HAVE YOU A LIT-TLE DOG TO SELL?"

good friends all their lives.

One day Tom's fath-er found a lit-tle pup-py in their back yard. He said that as the one who left it there wanted to get rid of it Tom might have it. Now that Tom had a dog, Char-lie could not rest un-til he had one al-so. So he asked the milk-man, the

wash-er-wo-man, and e-ven a scis-sors-grind-er who was passing by, if they had not a dog for him. He would give five cents for one.

But none of these friends of his had a dog for him. A few days af-ter the car-pen-ter came to mend the gate, and he had a fine large dog with him. As Char-lie thought ev-er-y-one must know how much he wished for a dog, he asked the man if he had brought the dog for him. The man was a Ger-man and did not quite un-der-stand, but, as Char-lie said some-thing a-bout "five," he thought, as he had oth-er dogs, he could let this fine New-found-land go for five dol-lars.

But when Char-lie ran in to get his mon-ey, and showed his on-ly five-cent-piece, the Ger-man could on-ly laugh and shake his head and say, "No!"

Char-lie felt so bad-ly, and cried so hard at hav-ing to give up the dog, that the car-pen-ter said at last he would bring him a lit-tle dog, when he came from din-ner. Char-lie was wild with joy when the man kept his promise, and he start-ed off to show his dog to Tom. Tom was on the side-walk, his lit-tle black puppy frisk-ing a-round his feet. Char-lie was car-ry-ing his black-and-tan col-ored dog in his arms.

"What have you got, Char-lie—a kit-ty?" called Tom.

"No, sir, it's my *d——og!*" answered Char-lie, mak-ing the word Dog sound as long as one of four syl-la-bles, as if draw-ing out the word would make the dog seem larg-er.

"Whew! *what* a dog!" said Tom.

"My dog is big-ger than yours, ev-er and ev-er so much," he ad-ded, af-ter ex-am-in-ing Char-lie's treas-ure.

"But yours is not this *kind*. Pa-pa says these dogs nev-er

get ver-y big. A-ny-way, *I* like him," was Char-lie's an-swer, anx-ious to ap-pear sat-is-fied.



"WHEW! WHAT A DOG!"

Tom sat down on the box of a gas-pipe at the edge of the side-walk and be-gan tell-ing a-bout his dog and his tricks. Char-lie stood by and list-ened as long as a four-years-old boy's pa-tience and po-lite-ness could endure it, but at last he said, just a lit-tle boast-ful-ly, "I guess my dog will catch more rats than yours. Pa-pa says he is a real rat dog."

"I should think so," ad-ded Tom, laugh-ing-ly, "he is a-bout as big as a *lit-tle* rat now."

"I don't care!" said an-gry Char-lie, "he will get big-ger, and then he will whip your

dog, and, sir, I'll be glad!"

"No he won't!" shout-ed Tom; "let's see him do it!" And he picked up his dog and threw him at the lit-tle ter-ri-er, which was try-ing to keep on its legs, for he was not used to them yet. Tom's dog, thrown at him, knocked the poor lit-tle thing o-ver, and he be-gan to cry. Char-lie stooped down and set it on its legs again, and stroked it, look-ing rath-er cross at Tom's dog, now stand-ing be-tween his mas-ter's feet.

Af-ter his poor wee pet was qui-et-ed, lit-tle Char-lie stood up ex-act-ly as he had seen larg-er boys do when they were get-ting read-y to fight. He drew one of his lit-tle red tipped boot-ed feet be-hind the oth-er, bent up and crossed his arms to show his clenched hands, which were, like him-self, ver-y small and del-i-cate, the closed fists be-ing a-bout two inch-es in width. Look-ing ver-y stern-ly at Tom, he said, "My

dog *will* whip your dog. I'll tell my pa-pa to whip your pa-pa, and I'm go-ing to whip you — *See those fists?*"

Just then the lit-tle boys heard a laugh, and, on look-ing a-round, they saw Tom's aunt Ma-ry look-ing at them through the win-dow blinds. She laughed in such a pleas-ant way, that the lit-tle boys, small and young as they were, for-got all their quar-rel and laughed, too, when she said, "No, no, boys, don't fight, but come in to lunch-eon, right a-way."

Af-ter din-ner each of the boys looked at the others' dog and thought them both beau-



IN-TI-MATE FRIENDS.

ti-ful, and the dogs were soon as good friends as their mas-ters.



IN GIN-GER-BREAD LAND.

## THE WONDERFUL GINGERBREAD MAN.

BY C. S. P.

### CHAPTER II.

FOR an in-stant Carl stood in his tracks, e-rect, mo-tion-less, "dood-ness-es" pop-ping out his red lips like balls from a Ro-man can-dle on the Fourth. But the fact that the G. Man was not on-ly escap-ing, but was tak-ing Fiz a-long too, winged his feet to fol-low, and he fair-ly flew.

At a sud-den bu-gle blast Fiz leaped the hedge in-to the gar-den. The hedge was thick

and thorn-y, but Carl tore through, re-gard-less of rents, and the chase swept up and down the cool green aisles of In-dian corn till Carl was dizzy; then o-ver the hedge a-gain and a-cross the lawn to-ward the back pi-az-za, Carl now fair-ly breath-less and blind from the wild run-ning.

At the cor-ner the G. Man veered of a sud-den, and Carl, diz-zi-ly turn-ing, fell head-long in-to the shrub-ber-y. He



scram-bled up to follow, when — what was it? — where was he? — *what* did it mean? — *was the whole world chang-ing to gin-ger-bread?* — or, yes — it must surely be — Carl in a flash *had stum-bled in-to Gin-ger-bread Land*; for there, down the ginger-bread street, pranc-ing his way, came Fiz, proud-est puss ev-er seen, the G. Man blow-ing gay bu-gle blasts, at which, as he passed, queer gin-ger-bread men, women and chil-dren ap-peared at the doors and win-dows of the gin-ger-bread hous-es, wav-ing wide their arms with a sing-song shout:

“Stop that, stop that!

A Gin-ger-bread Man

On the back of a cat!

*Stop that!”*

Gin-ger-bread dogs and pigs tum-bled clum-sily by, and a gin-ger-bread bird flut-tered down at his feet.

Carl rubbed his eyes with both brown fists to be sure he was a-wake, it was all so queer.

And then came a dread-ful thought: what if he and Fiz should turn to gin-ger-bread too! — none knew so well as he that all gin-ger-bread boys and cats, soon-er or later, were eat-en by real flesh-and-blood chil-dren — O — O — Ooo!

Carl fair-ly yelled:

“Puss-cat Fiz!

Come here! Come, Fiz!

O Fiz! Fiz-z-z!”

At that in-stant there was a noise like sharp thun-der — and of a sud-den, to his great won-der, he was sit-ting on the back pi-az-za at home, and in the o-pen door stood his moth-er.

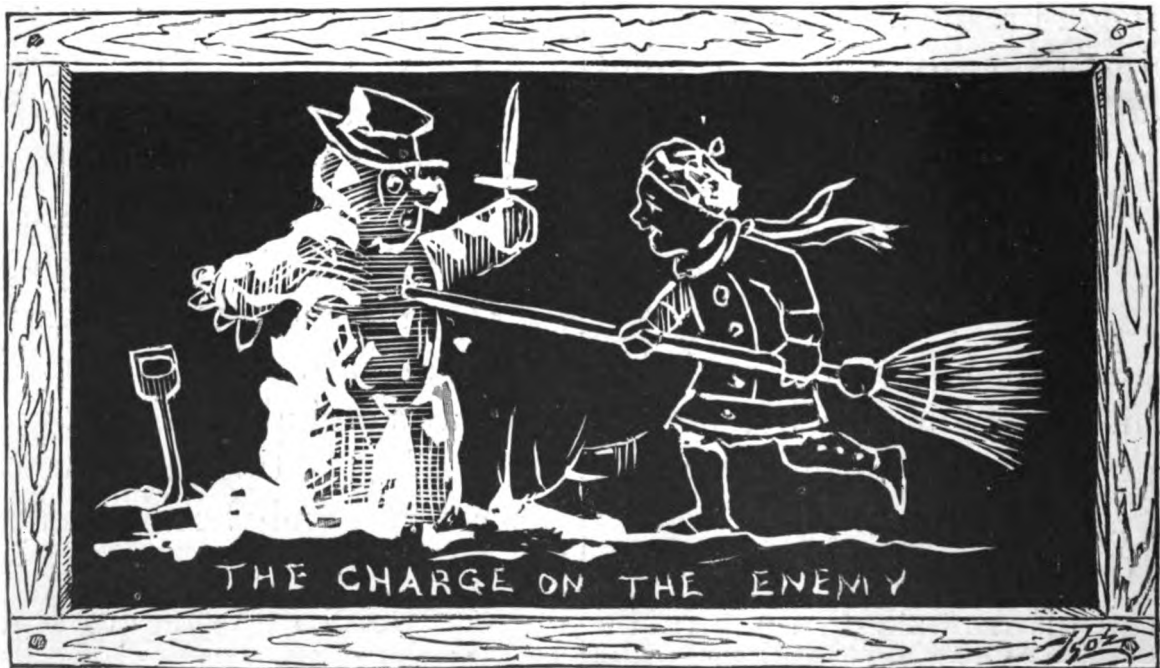
She was cuf-fing Fiz on his silk-y ears.

“Where do you sup-pose I found this naugh-ty, naugh-ty cat?” said she. “He was in the gin-ger-bread jar, head, fore-paws and all. Did-n’t you hear it when he tipped it o-ver?”

Carl had on-ly been a-sleep; but Fiz — naugh-ty cat — had in-deed been in Gin-ger-bread Land!



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